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NEW TALES

OF THE

CASTLE;

OR,

THE NOBLE EMIGRANTS,

A STORY

OF

MODERN TIMES.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

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By Mrs Mary (Hopkins) Pettingill

NEW TALES OF THE CASTLE;

OR,

THE NOBLE EMIGRANTS.

CHAPTER I.

TENDERLY intereſted in the fate of his Sovereign, and warmly attatched to the royal cauſe, the Marquis de St. Clair became a ſuſpected character, and was inſultingly dragged to the priſon de la Force, whence, after being treated with the moſt degrading indignities, he fortunately eſcaped, through the fidelity of a domeſtic, and arrived at his chateau in Normandy, in the humble attire of a travelling peaſant.

The Marchioneſs, who was ignorant of the ſituation of the capital, viewed the object of her tenderneſs with emotion and ſurpriſe; whilſt the children, unconſcious of the miſeries which awaited them, enjoyed the alteration in their father's perſon, imagining it had been occaſioned by a deſire to *amuſe them*.

"How droll it was of papa;" ſaid the young Count St. Julian, to his ſiſter Alexandrine, who was ſtill laughing moſt immoderately, "to dreſs himſelf up like our gardener la Pierre; I am ſure I ſhould have paſſed him an hundred times, if mama had not uttered an exclamation of ſurpriſe!"

"Not have known your papa, St. Julian!" replied Alexandrine, "why I ſhould have diſcovered him in a moment, if he had been even dreſſed as a tinker; for his countenance is ſo full of ſweetneſs and expreſſion, that no *diſguiſe* could conceal him *from me*."

"And

"And *I* knew him *directly*"—exclaimed the little Marianne, jumping into the extended arms of her brother, who acknowledged their penetration to have been greater than his own, and who ſtopped her obſervations by giving her twenty kiſſes.

This little inſtance of fraternal tenderneſs was ſuddenly interrupted by the re-entrance of the marchioneſs, whoſe dejected countenance diſplayed the anguiſh of her feelings, and whoſe agitated boſom ſeemed labouring with diſtreſs!

"Mama! my dear mama! what has happened? what afflicts you?" exclaimed all the children in *one voice*, at the ſame time embracing her with ſympathetic fondneſs, and throwing their little arms around her waiſt.

"Oh my children, my beloved children," ſighed out the agonized, afflicted parent! "I, who ought to inſpire your breaſts with fortitude, find my own ſpirits ſink under the preſſure of misfortune, and feel myſelf un-

able to ſuſtain its weight. Then falling into an attitude of devotion, ſhe remained in that poſture ſeveral minutes; and riſing from that ſtate in more apparent compoſure, alternately embraced her partners in affliction. Briefly ſhe informed them, that the Royal Family were *priſoners*, that their father was amongſt the number of *proſcribed Noblemen*, that he had juſt eſcaped from the priſon of la Force, and that they could only preſerve their exiſtence, by *concealment* and *flight*.

"Oh let us *fly*, mama! let us *fly directly!*" ſaid the aſtoniſhed, and alarmed children. "Let us get away from that *terrifying Aſſembly*, or we ſhall be all ſent to priſon, with the king."

"The dear unfortunate king! and the lovely condeſcending queen!" ſighed out the ſympathetic little Julian; "but oh mama! where is the dauphin? is he ſtill at the Thuilleries? and what have they done with his ſiſter, and his aunt?"

"*Priſoners*,

"*Priſoners*, all *priſoners*, my love;" replied the marchioneſs, "but haſten directly to your papa's ſtudy, that we may make inſtant preparations for our departure."

"My children," ſaid the marquis, as he ſaw them enter, "we muſt ſoon learn to forget both *titles* and *eſtates*;—*poverty* alone can preſerve our *exiſtence*, and our appearance muſt bear a reſemblance to our fortunes! yet in indigence we may poſſeſs true *nobility of mind*, and though degraded in *Rank*, retain elevation in *Virtue*.—Theſe clothes, continued he untying a ſmall bundle "I have purchaſed for the purpoſe of diſguiſing your appearance, and as I wiſh to quit the chateau without the obſervation of my ſervants, I intreat you to put them on, whilſt they are preparing dinner, for we may meet a *betrayer* in thoſe we believe to be our *friends*."

Though St. Julian was twelve, and Alexandrine eleven years of age, they had never been accuſtomed to dreſs themſelves without

without the assistance of a domestic, and each seemed to look at the other in expectation of hearing the servants would be summoned to attend the alteration which was to be performed at the toilet.

"You must no longer expect the *service* of a *domestic*, my beloved children," said their agitated unhappy mother, "but instead of requiring the assistance of *another*, endeavour to perform those offices for your sister, which you formerly were in the habits of receiving yourselves."

"We will do any thing, and every thing, mama, that you wish, if you will but try to look *less unhappy*; and I am sure we could be contented upon bread and water, if you and papa did but share it with us."

"Charming children!" exclaimed the marchioness, how grateful ought I to be for such inestimable treasures: but do not suppose that the loss of *fortune* thus afflicts me, for it is the dread that I feel for your father's *safety*!"

"No,

"No, mama," replied Alexandrine, "I knew *that* would not make you very *wretched*, because you always told me it could not confer *happiness*; and I am sure we could be as comfortable in a little cottage, as we have hitherto been in this fine chateau."

Whilst the marchioness and the children were metamorphosing themselves into peasants, the marquis was collecting his portable valuables, and lodging them in security in the different parts of his apparel, as a resource against poverty, and distress.

Though the marquis imagined he had entered the chateau unperceived by any of his domestics, he had been observed by the marchioness's favourite attendant, and suspecting the circumstance which occasioned his disguise, she resolved to follow the fortunes of her protectors, without letting them know she had any suspicion of their designs.

Caterine had been taken into the service of the marchioness at the early age of fourteen, and the gentleness of her manners, and

tractability

tractability of her diſpoſition, had ſo compleatly won the eſteem of her amiable miſtreſs, and the affection of the children, that ſhe was treated more like a friend than a domeſtic; and as a rumour had ſpread throughout the family, of the marquis being an object of diſguſt to the Aſſembly, Caterine, upon ſeeing him return in diſguiſe, was convinced the report was *too well founded*, and reſolved to obſerve all his motions. For this purpoſe, ſhe placed herſelf behind a ſmall alcove that fronted the back door, through which he had entered, and had not been ſtationed there more than an hour, when ſhe obſerved the family quit it with the greateſt caution.

The marchioneſs was dreſſed in a brown ſtuff jacket, bound round with blue ferret; whilſt her beautiful features were concealed by a cloſe cap, and large ſtraw hat, which tied cloſe under her chin. The children wore blue ſtuff petticoats, and jackets of the ſame colour as their mama's, whilſt each carried

carried a ſmall baſket upon their arms, with the hope of paſſing for people anxious for employment, as it was juſt the high ſeaſon for gathering the grapes.

As this amiable groupe paſſed the alcove, Caterine's image was preſented to their obſervation, and throwing herſelf on the ground at the marchioneſs's feet, ſhe conjured her to conſent to receive her attendance. "My deareſt lady! my honored ſir!" exclaimed the faithful creature, do not, Oh! do not *force* me from you; but conſent to receive my ſervices and attendance, or indeed you will drive me to madneſs and deſpair!"

"*Softly, ſoftly*, my good Caterine," replied the marquis, "or your zeal and fidelity may be *our ruin*: my perſon is obnoxious to a ſanguinary ſet of ruffians, and I dread an *informer*, even in my *ſervants*."

"Indeed, my lord," ſaid the agitated Caterine, "your fears are too well and too firmly grounded; for, but this morning I heard a converſation, that convinces me your

your ſafety muſt depend on *flight*; yet permit me to become the ſharer of your fortune, and depend upon my conducting you to a place of ſafety.

The marchioneſs added her perſuaſions to thoſe of Caterine, whilſt the children, alarmed for the life of their father, beſought him to let their favourite conduct him to a place of ſafety.

No longer able to withſtand their intreaties, the marquis gave a reluctant conſent, declaring he could not bear the idea of involving a being in miſery, who was capable of ſuch exalted attachment, and whoſe life might be endangered by her fidelity.

Caterine's countenance glowed with delight, the moment ſhe obtained the deſired permiſſion, and, directing the noble fugitives through a retired part of the wood, ſhe promiſed to join them in a few minutes, being anxious to ſecure a few louis d'ors ſhe had left in a ſmall trunk in her own chamber.

"Why

"Why, papa," ſaid the little Marianne, "did you *refuſe* to let Caterine *go with us?* I am ſure ſhe is very good, and loves us all dearly, therefore I think it was very cruel."

"It was rather from *kindneſs*, than *cruelty*, my beloved child, that I refuſed the requeſt of your favourite domeſtic; for when thoſe who love us are ready to ſacrifice *their intereſt* for our *advantage*, it becomes our *duty* to *prevent* them from doing it. I knew you would all benefit by Caterine's ſervices, yet I would rather ſubmit to the greateſt inconveniences, than obtain their removal by the detriment of another."

By this time the faithful Caterine had joined them, with the little fortune ſhe had been ſo ſolicitous to ſave, and preſenting it with a diffident air to the marquis, ſhe ſaid, "will my lord condeſcend to be his ſervant's banker, and uſe her little ſavings for the benefit of his family?"

"Generous creature!" exclaimed the marquis, "thy fidelity and attachment de-

ſerve the higheſt recompence. Yes, my good Caterine, I will preſerve thy little fortune; but poverty itſelf ſhall not tempt me to make uſe of it.

Marianne had not proceeded above half a league, when ſhe began to grow exceedingly fatigued, and, miſſing the accuſtomed indulgence of a carriage, demanded of her father, how far ſhe was to walk?

The marquis, ſhocked at beholding her laſſitude, inſtantly ſnatched her up in his arms, and in that manner they proceeded until they came within ſight of a ſmall whitened cottage, at the extremity of the wood; when Caterine intreated permiſſion to prepare the owners of it for the reception of their noble gueſts; at the ſame time informing them, that it belonged to her grandfather and grandmother, who would be proud of the honour of contributing to the comfort and convenience of perſons, towards whom they had been taught to feel the greateſt veneration.

The

The proſpect of paſſing the night under the hoſpitable roof of theſe worthy people afforded the unfortunate family a tranſient gleam of pleaſure, for even the marquis himſelf found his ſpirits ſo compleatly exhauſted by the fatigue he had undergone from the time of his quitting the priſon, that eaſe and repoſe were abſolutely neceſſary.

The children, upon entering the comfortable little dwelling, expreſſed their ſatisfaction by a thouſand little pleaſing obſervations; one admired the neatneſs of the apartment, another was charmed with the hoſpitality of its maſter, whilſt a third was delighted with the fruit and cream.

Though the venerable pair found no difficulty in accommodating their gueſts with apartments and refreſhments, yet to ſupply them with *beds* created a very great one; for as they were only in poſſeſſion of *two*, it was ſome time before it was determined by whom they ſhould be filled.

The marchioneſs inſiſted upon the old couple retaining the bed they always occupied; but in ſpite of all her perſuaſions and intreaties, they perſiſted in reſigning it to the young fugitives, whilſt each paſſed the night in a ſeperate arm-chair.

Scarcely had the ſun illumined the horiſon, when the marquis was awakened by the ſound of different voices, and diſtinctly heard his own name mentioned, with a variety of oaths and horrid imprecations. St. Julian, who likewiſe happened to be awake, ſprang from the bed in an agony of *terror*, and ſeizing a piſtol which lay upon the table, placed himſelf before the door, in an attitude of defence.

The marquis, fearful that the marchioneſs ſhould hear the noiſe, motioned to St. Julian not to ſtir; and after ſome moments paſſed in torture and ſuſpenſe, had the ſatisfaction of hearing the wretches all retire. After bleſſing the Almighty for his providential eſcape, and mingling his tears

with

with thoſe of his ſon, he demanded of his hoſt the occaſion of the tumult, and was informed that it had proceeded from his own domeſtics, who, anxious to obtain the reward for his perſon, were going different routes in the hope of diſcovering it; and were only prevented from ſearching le Blanc's houſe, by his pretending to be a ſtrong democrat, and expreſſing a deſire to level all diſtinctions.

As the marchioneſs had avoided this alarming incident, by not hearing a ſingle word that had paſſed, St. Julian was cautioned not to name it; and as he had never betrayed the ſlighteſt confidence, the marquis was convinced he could depend upon his ſecrecy.

The fear of being recognized by his inhuman purſuers, was an agonizing idea to this unfortunate nobleman, and the more effectually to conceal his perſon from their knowledge, he waſhed his face with a liquid which le Blanc recommended, and which ſo entirely changed the colour of his ſkin, that

even his *family* could *ſcarcely know him.* The marchioneſs and the children uſed the ſame preparation, and ſo compleatly were they altered by this invaluable liquid, that they no longer dreaded obſervation or detection, and quitted the hoſpitable abode of the venerable le Blanc, without either fear, dread, or apprehenſion.

CHAPTER II.

THE dangers and difficulties to which this amiable family were expoſed, would fill a volume, if they were related; and as I rather wiſh to deſcribe the nature of their employment when in a foreign country, than to paint the difficulties they encountered in their emigration from their own, I ſhall beg leave to paſs them over in ſilence, and eſtabliſh them in an old caſtle in the north of Wales, which humanity had induced an Engliſh nobleman to lend them.

The caſtle had not been tenanted for upwards of ſixty years, and ſo completely had

the

the hand of time effaced its magnificence, that it bore a greater reſemblance to the habitation of a criminal, than to the abode of *ancient nobility*.

The fatigue of travelling, and the fear of detection, had kept the minds of theſe diſtreſſed fugitives in ſuch a ſtate of alarm and apprehenſion, that all they ſeemed to wiſh for, was ſafety and repoſe; but when once theſe deſirable objects were obtained, they felt the force of their miſerable ſituation; and a retroſpect of the paſt with a compariſon of the preſent, could not fail to throw a gloom over their natural cheerfulneſs.

The children, accuſtomed to all the elegancies of rank, ſighed for the enjoyment of their former gratifications, and from the moment of their being eſtabliſhed in the caſtle, were daily repining at their change of fortune.

The ſituation of this caſtle was bleak and barren, and the apartments had been ſuffered ſo completely to decay, that only three

three or four were habitable. Caterine, however, undertook to arrange theſe in the beſt order for the family's reception, and with the aſſiſtance of a girl who offered her ſervices upon their arrival, contrived to make them tolerably comfortable.

Too virtuous to be capable of practiſing vice, and too liberal to judge unfavourably of others, the marchioneſs improvidently engaged this aſſiſtant, without requiring her to produce any proofs of her honeſty, and was not aware of the folly of that proceeding, until her ſervant and her treaſures vaniſhed together.

The jewels which the marquis had concealed about his perſon in his emigration from France, were of ſuch great and ineſtimable value, that the ſale of them would have produced ſeveral thouſand pounds; yet the greater part of this ſource of future ſuſtenance, the fraudulent girl made her eſcape with, and the whole of his property only amounted to about twenty louis d'ors.

This

This was a ſtroke unlooked-for and unexpected, and even the fortitude of the marquis ſeemed to forſake him; but the marchioneſs, riſing ſuperior to adverſity, tenderly endeavoured to reconcile him to the ſhock; and the children, partaking of their mother's magnanimity, all declared themſelves capable of earning their ſubſiſtence. "I can *work*, papa," ſaid St. Julian, "and exerciſe, you uſed to ſay, was good for the health; do buy a plough, and hire a few fields, and I dare ſay you would ſoon make *plenty of money*."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Alexandrine, "and do buy a few cows, and then I can make butter as well as Peggy Morgan; for when we walked there yeſterday afternoon with Caterine, ſhe was ſo buſy in the dairy, you cannot think!"—"Yes, papa, that ſhe was;" vociferated Marianne, "and you cannot think how *nicely* ſhe did it; and then you know, my ſiſter could eaſily *teach me*, and

and then *I* could make butter, as well as the *beſt of them.*"——

"Amiable creatures," exclaimed the marquis, "how kindly you endeavour to leſſen the ſenſe of my misfortunes! yes, my children, *we will all work*; and the bread that is obtained by *honeſt induſtry*, may poſſibly be ſweeter than that which is procured by affluence. The mind that is *occupied* grows *ſuperior* to *diſtreſs*; whilſt by reflecting upon evils, we increaſe their magnitude. My watch," ſaid the marquis, (looking at an elegant gold repeater) "would certainly procure us five and twenty guineas; but it is the laſt teſtimony of a mother's fondneſs, and I never look at it without a ſenſation of regret and tenderneſs."

"And will not you *ſell it, papa?*" ſaid the inquiſitive Marianne, "if it will enable you to buy *cows*, and let Alexandrine and me make butter?"—"I would certainly *ſell* it, if my children wanted *bread*, but dear

dear would be the pang, its loſs would occaſion me!"

At that moment they perceived the Marchioneſs approaching, and St. Julian was the firſt to bound forward to meet her. "My dear Mamma," he exclaimed, "Do you know that the Marquis is going to turn *farmer?* I am to drive a plough, and Alexandrine is to make butter."—The Marchioneſs ſmiled at the animation of her ſon; but reflecting upon the change they had ſo recently endured, a tear ſuddenly checked the pleaſing ſenſation; and preſſing the hand ſhe held between her own, ſhe inquired what had given riſe to the newly-ſuggeſted notion.

Before St. Julian was able to reply, his toe ſtruck againſt ſomething hard, and ſtooping to obſerve what had given him pain, he perceived it to be a canvaſs bag, which, from its weight, he imagined had been filled with marbles.—"I wiſh the bag had been a hundred miles off,"—ſaid St. Julian,

Julian, "for it has hurt that toe, mama, which was ſo bad from the thorn; but I dare ſay ſome poor boy is vexed at his loſs, for it ſeems to me to be *full of marbles*."

"Let us ſee, St. Julian, what it contains," exclaimed both his ſiſters, who by this time had joined him, "for if it is full of marbles, you ſhall teach us how to play, whilſt papa and mama are reſting on that ſtile.

The bag was ſecured with a piece of pack-thread, which the mud in the road had abſolutely hardened, and as none of the party had a knife in their pocket, it was ſome time before it could be unclofed.—As marbles were things of ſo little value, their curioſity was by no means excited, and the little girls waited with the greateſt compoſure, whilſt the perſevering St. Julian was exerting his ſkill. The gordian knot was at length untied—when an exclamation of joy was involuntarily uttered; and,

"*'Tis money! 'Tis money*, mama," was vociferated from every voice.

"Now we ſhall be *happy!* Now you can buy *cows!* now you can procure *horſes!* and now you can purchaſe a *plough!*" were ſentences expreſſed with the moſt animating proofs of joy, whilſt the aſtoniſhed parents, unwilling to interrupt their felicity, remained ſilent ſpectators of the intereſting ſcene.

"How *weighty* the bag is!" ſaid one—"let us count its contents!" exclaimed another! "I dare ſay there is a thouſand pounds!" *cried* a third—in ſhort, the happineſs which this unexpected event occaſioned, appeared to be of ſo exquiſite and gratifying a nature, that it required ſome degree of philoſophy to leſſen, or deſtroy it.

At length St. Julian, in a tone of aſtoniſhment, exclaimed—"Why, papa, I am ſurpriſed at ſeeing you ſo unconcerned! when you know that you have hardly any money

money left, and that you were even afraid you ſhould be obliged to ſell your *watch!*— And now you ſee, we have enough to procure us all we want."

"*We have enough* to *procure* us all we *want*," replied the marquis—"but *who* has *beſtowed that money upon us?* and what right can we poſſibly have to make uſe of property, which belongs *to another?* the diſtreſs and agitation which the owner will ſuſtain from the temporary loſs of ſo rich a treaſure, will ſurely be a grievance ſufficiently afflictive, without our endeavouring to augment his ſuffering, by the practice of *treachery*, *diſhoneſty*, and *fraud!*" At the cloſe of this ſpeech, St. Julian's countenance betrayed the agitation of his feelings, and endeavouring to ſpeak in a tone of compoſure, he ſaid, "I am ſure, papa, I would not be guilty of a *diſhoneſt action* for the world; but I always thought that what was *found* became the *property* of the *finder*,

and that the perſon to whom it formerly belonged, had no longer any *right to it.*"

"A moſt *juſt*, and *equitable* mode of thinking, indeed! St. Julian!—and ſuppoſe the owner of the bag was now to paſs us, and enquire whether you had found it; ſhould you think yourſelf authoriſed to detain it from him? or would you *deny* having ſeen the object of his ſearch?"

"*Deny* it, papa! do you think I could be capable of telling an *untruth?*"—"If you could be capable of *detaining* the *property* of another; you could certainly be guilty both of *lying* and *deceit.*"

"Oh, papa," exclaimed St. Julian, burſting into tears, "how ſhocked I am at having forfeited you *good opinion!*—it was for *your* ſake alone, that I rejoiced at having found the bag, and I had no idea that I was either guilty of a failing, or a crime; but I will run directly to farmer Morgan's, and try to find ſomebody to own the money."

"Not

"Not quite ſo faſt," replied the marquis, catching St. Julian by the arm, "for you would certainly find people enough to claim this property, were you to adopt ſo impolitic a ſcheme:—we muſt adverti ſe in the papers that a bag has been found, and deſire the owner to deſcribe both its colour and contents, for there are ſo many diſhoneſt characters in the world, that if we adopted your method, we ſhould in all probability be impoſed upon; and the perſon to whom it belongs would have little chance of recovering it."

The converſation was here interrupted by the approach of a vaſt concourſe of people, and, upon the marquis inquiring into the cauſe of their aſſembling, he was informed they were conveying a farmer to priſon, by the order of his landlord who had made a ſeizure for his rent; and the property not being ſufficient to anſwer the demand, the poor creature was under the neceſſity of relinquiſhing his liberty, and by

that means diſabled from ſupporting his family.

The circumſtance in itſelf was by no means extraordinary, yet there was ſomething in the appearance of the priſoner that intereſted the marquis's compaſſion, and he felt the loſs of fortune more at that moment, than at any other period of his life.

"Yes, yes, a mighty likely ſtory!" ſaid one of the fellows with a ſneer, who guarded the poor man—"*Old birds* are not to be caught with *chaff*—it was not likely you ſhould have been *robbed*, juſt as you were going to *pay* your rent."

"Believe it, or *not*, as you pleaſe;" replied the hapleſs ſtranger in a tone of ſorrow and aſſertion; "but as I believe in an hereafter, we are not now half a mile from the ſpot where the hundred and twenty guineas were taken from me."

"What, are there robberies in this neighbourhood?" ſaid the marquis to one of the unfortunate

unfortunate man's conductors,——"Cot pleſs your honor, no, to pe ſure; only this little pird in hour cage, as we call him, made up a pretty ſtory to his Worſhip, and ſaid as how when he was coing to pay his rent, the thieves fell upon him and took his purſe; thinking, to pe ſure, that would ſatisfy him."

The loſs of the purſe, and the ſpot which the priſoner had deſcribed, ſeemed perfectly to coincide with St. Julian's canvas bag, who inſtantly exclaimed, "Oh, papa, how happy I am! for certainly the bag belongs to that poor gentleman!" as St. Julian ſpoke in French, none of the parties comprehended what he ſaid; but as the marquis could diſcourſe as well as an Engliſhman, they enquired "what made young maſter ſo highly pleaſed?"

The marquis, without replying to this interrogation, aſked the farmer the colour and form of his purſe; and being informed that it was a long yellow canvas bag, he inſtantly

inſtantly drew it from his great coat pocket, and demanded whether he could ſpecify the ſum it contained.

The poor man's face was of a crimſon hue, and claſping his hands with a fervency of joy, he exclaimed, "Oh, ſir! you are the preſerver of myſelf and family, may the Almighty reward you for your *goodneſs* and *generoſity!*"——he then ſaid, "there were a hundred and twenty guineas in the purſe;" and enquired, "if the marquis had not paſſed in a carriage about five o'clock in the evening of that day ſen'night:" expreſſing a belief that the robbers muſt have dropped it from their alarm at the unexpected appearance of a carriage, a circumſtance uncommon in that ſituation—adding, that as it rained inceſſantly during the whole of the paſt week, few people on foot could have been able to walk, and as it was by no means a public road for a carriage, it had remained on that ſpot, unobſerved and unſeen."

The men who had been inclined to treat his assertion with contempt, totally changed both their language and behaviour, and the whole groupe returned to the worthy creature's abode, to celebrate his release from confinement and captivity.

"Well, St. Julian," said the marquis, as they entered the great hall of the castle, "have you not had more gratification in restoring the purse to its right owner, than you could have had in unjustly detaining it for your own use?"

"Oh, papa!" replied St. Julian, "if I had wanted a bit of bread, I would not have bought it with the farmer's money; for I never felt so happy in my life as when I saw the poor man claim his purse."

"How I should have liked to have gone home with him," said Alexandrine, "for the pleasure of seeing the joy of his wife and children, at beholding him return with the bag in his pocket!"

"It might have been gratifying to *yourself*,

ſelf, my love," replied the marchioneſs, who had remained a ſilent ſpectator of the intereſting ſcene; "but it would have been *leſſening* the gratification thoſe worthy people muſt have experienced upon the occaſion, to have had the firſt impreſſions of ſuch exquiſite feelings witneſſed by thoſe who might have been a reſtraint upon the indulgence of them; and we ſhould carefully avoid the gratification of our own inclinations at the expence of giving a moment's pain to another.—The circumſtance, which has juſt occurred, reminds me of an intereſting ſtory I recollect meeting with in hiſtory many years ago, which made a ſtrong impreſſion upon my mind, and which illuſtrated the force of *innate probity* in a very beautiful and ſimple manner."

"Oh, mama, pray tell it us!" exclaimed all the children at once, "for it is an age ſince you told us a ſtory, and it will

ren. nd

remind us of the happy evenings we uſed to ſpend at our dear chateau in Normandy."

"If it ſhould have no better effect than that of reminding us of pleaſures which are *fled for ever*, my children, it will be attended with very little purpoſe; but as I flatter myſelf an inſtructive leſſon may be derived from it, I ſhall find as much ſatisfaction in relating it to you, as you will in attending to me."—So ſaying, the marchioneſs ſeated herſelf before a large round oak table, and began her narration in the following words.

The Story of PERRIN *and* LUCETTA.

A YOUNG man, of the name of Perrin, had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents before he was old enough to be ſenſible of his loſs, and having no near relations either *willing* or *able* to *ſupport him*, received his education in a public Charity School.—In this aſylum of indigence and misfortune, Perrin conducted himſelf with ſo much ſweetneſs and docility, that he very ſoon obtained the affection both of the maſter and ſcholars; but what rendered this boy ſo univerſally eſteemed, was the uncommon rectitude of his principles which was daily diſplayed in ſome act of probity and honour.

At the age of fifteen, Perrin was taken from ſchool, and placed under the care of a reſpectable

reſpectable farmer, where his employment chiefly conſiſted in taking care of the ſheep, and guarding the young lambs from the inclemency of the weather. As Perrin's heart was naturally kind and benevolent, this occupation afforded him real delight; but what tended to increaſe this pleaſure, was the ſociety of a young woman, who likewiſe had the charge of a neighbouring flock, and who appeared to derive much gratification from the young ſhepherd's ſociety.

This artleſs girl, whoſe name was Lucetta, was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who intended to marry her to ſome young man in a leſs humble ſituation than him, whom her heart had involuntarily ſelected. Lucetta was lovely, innocent, and amiable; and Perrin could boaſt of poſſeſſing all thoſe manly graces, which are ſaid to be capable of captivating the fair. With theſe mutual advantages of perſon and appearance, and with minds, perhaps, bearing a ſtill greater reſemblance, it is not ſurpriſing that each

ſhould be charmed with the ſociety of the other.

The want of fortune was, to Perrin, the only ſource of uneaſineſs, and to obviate that as much as laid in his power, he worked with inceſſant zeal and application, and in the courſe of five years he was enabled to ſave by extra labour, twenty crowns.

Twenty crowns appeared to the enraptured Perrin, an inexhauſtable ſource of wealth; and he immediately reſolved to know his deſtiny from the father of the object of his tenderneſs.

Lucetta's heart palpitated with apprehenſion, and ſhe beſought her lover not to aſk her father's conſent in her preſence. In a few days, buſineſs compelled her to go to a neighbouring town, and it was agreed that Perrin ſhould avail himſelf of her abſence, to prefer his petition to the father of her on whom his happineſs was placed.

As the moment approached, the dread of a refuſal totally ſubdued Perrin's courage, and

and it was with difficulty he could utter a ſingle word: his confuſion and embarraſſment, however, expreſſed his wiſhes, and the old man replied in the following words. "You want to *marry my daughter*—have you a houſe to cover her? or have you money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both—it wont do, Perrin, it wont do!

The agitated lover's countenance became ſtill paler, and he replied, in faultering accents, "but I have hands to work; I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expences of the wedding; and I can work *harder*, and lay up ſtill more."

"Well, well," ſaid the father, ſoftened by this proof of genuine affection, "you are young and may wait a little; get *rich* and my daughter is at your *ſervice*."

"Well, that was very *good* of the old man, indeed, mama," ſaid Alexandrine, "I declare I felt quite in a fright for poor

Perrin." "And ſo did I, for the pretty Lucetta, but go on, mama, for I long to hear the end of the ſtory, and what ſhe ſaid to the poor fellow, when ſhe returned."

"He did not wait for her *return*," replied the marchioneſs, "but inſtantly ſet out to *meet her*." "Has my father given you a refuſal?" ſaid ſhe, the moment ſhe ſaw her lover approach. "Ah Lucetta! how unfortunate am *I, to be poor*! yet I have not loſt *all my hopes*; my circumſtances may change, and I may ſtill be happy."

The method by which he was to obtain theſe riches, occupied their diſcourſe until the approach of night, when Perrin, ſcarce able to perceive his way, ſtruck his foot againſt a hard ſubſtance, and immediately fell.

"What have we here!" ſaid the aſtoniſhed Perrin, graſping a large bag he caught hold of in his fall; "let us, dear Lucetta, approach that neighbouring light, and examine the contents of this weighty treaſure.

"*Treaſure*

"*Treaſure indeed!*" in rapture he exclaimed, "Oh Lucetta! now your father will conſent! here is ſufficient to ſatisfy the moſt avaricious being! Now *we are bleſt!* now we ſhall be happy! gracious Heaven, I thank thee for thy goodneſs!

As the enraptured Perrin proceeded with his riches towards Lucetta's father's houſe, an idea of *juſtice* ſtruck his imagination; and that the property *he thought his own*, belonged to *another*, was forcibly impreſſed upon his honeſt mind. "This money," ſaid he, "my dear Lucetta," holding out the bag, "we certainly can have no right to retain; 'tis the property of *another*, and we muſt not keep a penny! how could an idea of ſuch *fraud* and *injuſtice* for one moment take poſſeſſion of my mind. My affection for you ſubdued my reaſon, but I could not be guilty of *diſhoneſty* even to poſſeſs my beloved Lucetta's hand. The good Vicar will adviſe us how we ought to act,

let us haſten then, my love, and intreat his aſſiſtance."

The Vicar heard their ſtory with delight and admiration, and after applauding Perrin for the probity of his conduct, he aſſured him it ſhould not go long unrewarded. Upon examing the bag, it contained twelve thouſand livres, which were immediately advertiſed in all the newspapers, and not being owned, remained in the Vicar's hands.

After ſome time ſpent in fruitleſs inquiries, the Vicar deſired Perrin to purchaſe himſelf a farm, ſaying, that the money, laying by, would be rendered quite uſeleſs, but by converting it to property, the owner might be benefited whenever he ſhould claim it at the young man's hands. A deed was accordingly drawn, and preſented to the Vicar, purporting that the farm was bought with money that was *found*; and that whenever its poſſeſſor ſhould demand a reimburſement, Perrin would be *ready*, and *happy* to *reſign it*.

Lucetta's

Lucetta's father no longer oppoſed their nuptials, and the worthy Vicar joined their hands; their hearts had been long and tenderly united, and their felicity was at once pure, and refined. Perrin's Induſtry, and Lucetta's management, were abſolutely proverbial throughout the village, and in the ſpace of a very few years he became poſſeſſed of two or three hundred pounds.

"Oh mama, what a pretty ſtory," ſaid the little Marianne, who had been all attention, "but you have not told us whether Lucetta had any children; or whether Perrin loved them, as well as *Papa* does *me*."

"I am not yet come to that part of the ſtory," replied the marchioneſs with a ſmile, "but Perrin and Lucetta had two children; and as their parents ſet them ſuch good examples, I entertain no doubt of their being *amiable*, and of courſe *beloved* by the authors of their exiſtence.

About ten years after the union of this worthy couple, a carriage was overturned within

in ſight of the farm, and Perrin, ever anxious to prove uſeful to the unfortunate, flew to the ſpot in the hope of rendering ſome aſſiſtance, and offering what accommodation his houſe afforded.

The gentlemen, though not materially injured, immediately accepted the benevolent propoſal; and Lucetta, ſolicitous to prove her hoſpitality, eagerly began preparing ſome refreſhment.

It is very extraordinary, ſaid one of the gentlemen, but a *fatality* is, I think, to attend me *on this ſpot*; for ten years ago, in my way to India, I had the misfortune to loſe twelve thouſand livres. *Twelve thouſand livres!* exclaimed the aſtoniſhed Perrin—"But why, ſir; did you never make any enquiries after them? *Twelve thouſand livres* were ſurely worth ſome ſearch!" They were ſo, replied the gentleman; but I unfortunately was unable to make it, as the veſſel in which I had taken my paſſage for

for India, was under failing orders, and *could not be detained.*

Perrin, without replying, invited his gueſts to view his houſe, and upon their expreſſing their admiration both of that, and his grounds, he turned to the gentleman who had loſt the money, and in a tone of exultation ſaid, "*your applauſe, ſir*, cannot fail of being pleaſing, when I tell you that all you ſee is your *own property*. The bag which you *loſt*, I had the good fortune to *find*, and diſpoſed of its contents in the manner you behold; for as all my enquiries after its poſſeſſor proved vain and fruitleſs, I thought myſelf at liberty to purchaſe this farm. The Vicar is in poſſeſſion of a deed that reſigns it, and if you permit me to become your *tenant*, all my wiſhes will be then fulfilled."

"Charming *diſintereſtedneſs*, *noble probity*! to what cauſe am I to attribute ſuch refinement and rectitude? where did you learn

ſuch

ſuch heroic ſentiments? and who inſtructed you in ſuch exalted virtue?

"*Adverſity* has been my *ſchool*, and *Conſcience* my *inſtructor*, replied the amiable Perrin, aſtoniſhed at ſuch praiſe for an act of *common juſtice*; but ſurely, ſir, you muſt have lived in the abodes of ſavages, to think I deſerve ſuch praiſe for having acted *uprightly*, and all I now requeſt is to be conſidered as your tenant.

That would be an *unworthy recompence* for an action ſo brave, ſo diſintereſted, and ſo generous: No, my worthy fellow! your merits ſhall be rewarded with more liberality—The deed you may deſtroy, the farm is *your own*, and may heaven crown both your *virtue* and your *labour*.

"And ſo, mama," ſaid Alexandrine, "the gentleman was kind enough to *give* Perrin the farm; well, I declare I am very glad of it." "And ſo am I," exclaimed St. Julian, "not only for his *own ſake*, but for that of poor Lucetta, who, I dare ſay,

would

would not like to have *tenanted*, *what* ſhe had ſo many years, conſidered as *her own*."

"How was it poſſible St. Julian," replied the marchioneſs, "that Lucetta could conſider a habitation *her own*, which had been purchaſed with money to which ſhe had *no claim*? The conduct of the ſtranger was highly *generous*, and as a man of fortune he was enabled to reward their *probity*; but ſuppoſe the bag had belonged to a man leſs *affluent*, ought ſhe to have repined at *reſigning* what ſhe poſſeſſed by *chance*, when the real owner appeared, and *claimed it*?"

"*Oh no mama*, ſhe ought *not* indeed; and I know not how it is that I am ſo often *wrong* but I am ſure if I had not you and papa to direct me, I ſhould be continually doing ſomething which would give me reaſon to repent."

The converſation was here interrupted by the entrance of Caterine, who informed the young folks that the hour was growing late, and that ſhe had been waiting for her accuſtomed ſummons to attend them to bed.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

AT an early hour the following morning, the marquis received a viſit from the farmer's wife, who called upon him to expreſs her ſenſe of the obligation he had conferred upon her huſband; and as in the courſe of converſation he found that a few fields which adjoined the caſtle were the farmer's property, the marquis reſolved to become his tenant, knowing they were barren only from want of culture. The agreement was accordingly ſoon made, and ten pounds of the remaining twenty, laid out in manure for the land. The marquis now ſeverely

ſeverely felt the loſs of his jewels, for could he by any means have purchaſed two or three cows, he was convinced he ſhould have been able to turn his little property to great advantage and benefit to his family.

Caterine heard him expreſs his conviction of this circumſtance to the marchioneſs, and, with tears in her eyes, beſought him to make uſe of her purſe. "Do, my lord," ſaid the faithful creature, "allow me the ſatisfaction of ſeeing you in a way of procuring a ſubſiſtance for my lady and her children! ten louisd'ors will ſoon be gone, and what muſt then become of us all? the allowance which you receive from the Engliſh Government, will little more than keep us from ſtarving, and though I have toiled early and late to ſave a little money to procure my lady a piano, I have only earned three guineas.

"*Earned three guineas!*" exclaimed the marquis, "and by what method, my good Caterine, have you contrived to gain that

ſum? " by making *gloves*, my lord, for the Cheſter manufactory: for as farmer Morgan had often occaſion to viſit that city, I intreated him to procure me work from thence, having frequently heard his wife ſay, that many poor people ſupported whole families by that employment."

Oh Caterine, ſaid the marchioneſs, taking her hand, what an inſtructive leſſon has your conduct imparted! myſelf and children can likewiſe work, and by that means I may be enabled to ſave ſomething towards their education; the farmer muſt procure a larger quantity of gloves, and we may *all be occupied* in a laudable employment.

The repeated proofs which Caterine had given of an attached diſpoſition and noble ſentiments, at length induced the marquis to regard her as a friend, and convinced that he might benefit his family by making uſe of her little fortune, the purſe was opened, which to his aſtoniſhment, contained fifty louis d'ors.

The

The cows were purchaſed, the gloves obtained, and a girl hired to look after the dairy; and as every part of the family found their time now occupied, repining and diſcontent were ſtrangers to their abode.

The nobleman, who had ſo kindly lent them the caſtle, had likewiſe furniſhed them with a collection of books, and as the marquis was a man both of learning and intelligence, great part of the morning was devoted to the inſtruction of his ſon. The marchioneſs was no leſs qualified for the office of an inſtructor, and the improvement of her daughters' minds was to her an object of the higheſt moment, for though they were taught to be contented with their *humble ſituation*, they were rendered capable of ſhining in one more *exalted*.

About three months after theſe new regulations in the domeſtic arrangements of the Marquis de St. Clair, the family were awoke, at an unuſual hour, by a violent knocking at the hall door, and the cry of

FIRE was loudly vociferated from ſeveral voices on the outſide.

The marquis inſtantly flew to the window, when the well known voice of his humble landlord earneſtly beſought immediate admiſſion. "My poor father" ſaid he, "and pleaſe your honor, has really been bed-ridden fourteen years, and though he is a mere ſkeleton, as a body may ſay, yet three quarters of a mile is a long way, to carry him, though God be praiſed that I was able to do it."

The hoſpitable doors flew ſwiftly open, and whilſt the farmer was carefully placing his father on a couch, and endeavoring to compoſe the agitation of his mind, the marquis haſtened to the ſcene of terror, for the purpoſe of offering his farther ſervices to this unfortunate but worthy family. The fire had been providentially ſtopped in its progreſs, for as there happened to be an abundance of water, and very little wind, the effects which were uſed, happily ſucceeded.

ceeded. "Where is my huſband? where is my daddy?" were uttered in tones of terror and apprehenſion, and when the marquis aſſured the wife and children of his ſafety, their joy and exultation knew no bounds. "Why I told you, neighbour Johnſon, your huſband was ſafe," ſaid one of the men, who appeared moſt active in the cauſe, "doſt think any harm could happen to ſuch as he, who riſked his *own life* to *ſave* his *poor old father's*; did not I ſee him go ſmack through the flames, and bring out the poor creature when he was half ſuffocated? aye, aye, God Almighty dont let ſuch deeds as them be, paſs by unnoticed, though us finful beings thinks nothing at all about them. God bleſs his honeſt heart, ſay I, and I wiſh every ſpark that fell from that there building, could all be turned into king George's pictures."

This ſimple eulogium in the farmers' praiſe, was warmly echoed by the ſurrounding throng, and when he returned to his

humble habitation, he was received with applauſe by the peaſantry which encompaſſed it.

As the children had not been diſturbed by any of the commotion, they were ſurpriſed at perceiving the couch occupied by a ſtranger, but when they recognized the features of the farmer's father, their wonder and aſtoniſhment greatly increaſed, and they eagerly enquired by what means he had been conveyed.

The circumſtance of the fire, and the heroiſm of the farmer's conduct were both explained by the amiable marchioneſs, who took that opportunity of expatiating upon the reward that always attends *filial attachment*, and "the Ancients," ſaid ſhe, "had ſuch a regard for this virtue, that the higheſt honours were conferred on thoſe who were eminent for its practice."

"I think," ſaid St. Julian, "the farmer deſerves to have his conduct recorded with as much praiſe as Homer has beſtowed

ed upon his hero Æneas, which I was reading to papa yesterday morning."

"Oh tell us about it, my dear St. Julian, for I doat upon hearing pretty stories." "It is but a short story, my dear Alexandrine," replied her brother, "and for my part I think poor Johnson was quite as great as man as *Æneas*, only one was a prince, and the other was a peasant, and therefore not likely to have his conduct made the subject of a poem. "Æneas, you must know, was a Trojan prince, a great warrior, and a very good man: and in that dreadful war between the Greeks and the Trojans, which was occasioned by a Trojan prince having treacherously ran away with the king of Sparta's wife, he behaved with the greatest valour and bravery. But upon the Greeks proving victorious, he placed his father Anchises on his back, and taking his little son Ascanius by the hand, collected the Trojan troops together and retreated with them to Alexandria. After that, he went to Epirus,

rus, but not chooſing to remain long there, after being terribly driven about by the waves, he landed at Carthage, where queen Dido fell deſperately in love with him, but as he could not return her affection, he quitted that city, and bent his courſe towards Sicily, where he had the misfortune to loſe his father, whom he loved very *tenderly*, and to whoſe memory he erected a moſt magnificent monument. Some years afterwards he arrived in Italy, married Lavinia, daughter of king Latinus, and ſucceeded him in his government. With the aſſiſtance of his ſon Aſcanius, who was by that time grown a man, he founded a new kingdom, and from him the Romans date their origin."

"I am very much pleaſed, my dear St. Julian," ſaid the marchioneſs, "to find that you pay ſo much attention to the inſtructions of your father; and retain ſo perfect a recollection of theſe incidents, which exalt the characters of the perſons who perform

form them. It is a matter of trifling moment to poſterity to be told that Troy ſuſtained a ten year's ſiege; and that its inhabitants were expert in the art of war; but from the filial conduct of Æneas at its cloſe, and the imprudent act of Helen at its commencement, you may all derive much inſtruction; and when you learn how highly the one was eſtimated, and how much the other was deſpiſed, the mind is imperceptibly led to the admiration of virtue, and naturally ſhrinks from the imitation of vice."

The converſation was here interrupted by the appearance of the marquis, and the family returned to the caſtle to breakfaſt; when the marquis retired to his room with his ſon, and the marchioneſs devoted her attention to her daughters. As ſoon as the young ladies had accompliſhed their taſks, each ſat down to their daily occupation, and the hours of labour were pleaſingly beguiled by the following intereſting and pathetic ſtory.

TALE

TALE *the* SECOND.

In the fertile plains of Languedoc, lived an aged peaſant of the name of Bellairdine, he had the misfortune to ſurvive both his wife and children, and the only ſource of remaining happineſs was derived from the affection of the youthful Jaſper, who was at once the object of his tenderneſs and the ſolace of his cares.

Jaſper's mother had died in his infancy, and knowing her huſband to be a man of great venality, conjured him, on her death bed, to let her child remain with her father, whoſe feeling and affection ſhe had the greateſt reliance upon, and whom ſhe knew would treat him both with care and tenderneſs. The huſband readily complied with her requeſt, and in a few days after the interment of his wife, engaged himſelf as a valet

valet to a gentleman going to the Eaſt Indies, and without appearing to feel a ſingle pang at the ſeparation, reſigned his infant to Bellairdine's care.

The little fellow ſoon repaid his grandfather's attention by a thouſand intereſting proofs of affection, and the moment he was old enough to evince his gratitude, it was diſplayed in every word, look, and action; a diſtant relation of old Bellairdine arranged the domeſtic œconomy of his little houſehold; but as her temper was unfortunately far from amiable, ſhe conſidered Jaſper as an unwelcome gueſt, and in many reſpects rendered his ſituation diſagreeable. Too gentle to complain, and too noble to repine, he ſubmitted to her caprices without a murmur, and when the weather was ſo bad he could not accompany his grandfather to his labour, he would endeavour to baniſh Joſephene's ill humours by a variety of good humoured, and playful attentions.

As

As ſoon as he was old enough to be capable of employment, he conſtantly accompanied his grandfather to the fields, and proud of being able to earn his own ſubſiſtance, his labour was attended both with pleaſure, and with profit. Joſephene's diſguſt to this amiable child increaſed to ſuch a height that Bellairdine ſoon perceived it, and exaſperated at the injuſtice and cruelty of her conduct, he inſiſted upon her removal from their little humble dwelling.

On the innocent Jaſper ſhe vented her abuſe, accuſed him of being guilty of a thouſand failings, and ſuffered her reſentment to riſe to ſuch a height, that ſhe furiouſly threw a knife againſt his head; alarmed at the blood that iſſued from the wound, and terrified at incurring Bellairdine's indignation, ſhe inſtantly ran out of the houſe, leaving the unoffending object of her hatred weltering in the gore that ſtreamed from his temple.

The

The old man fortunately ſoon returned, and after binding up the wound with the moſt anxious care, went in purſuit of the being who had ſo inhumanly inflicted it.

"I hope he found her, mama," ſaid Marianne, "and had her ſeverely puniſhed for her wicked conduct, for I am ſure if I had been Jaſper, I would have told my grandfather of all her former cruel behavour."

"Jaſper acted very differently;" replied the marchioneſs, "for though it was impoſſible for him to love a woman who had behaved with ſo much inhumanity towards him, yet he knew ſhe had no friend except his grandfather, and was incapable of working *hard* for her living, therefore inſtead of endeavouring to increaſe his reſentment, he generouſly tried to ſoften and leſſen it; but ſo compleatly was Belſairdine exaſperated againſt her, that he would not ſuffer her to come near the houſe, and ſhe ſoon afterwards quitted the neighbourhood."

A few months after Joſephene's departure, poor Bellairdine was taken extremely ill, and though he endeavored to ſtruggle againſt diſeaſe, it ſoon conquered and overpowered him. Jaſper was his nurſe, his friend, and his phyſician, for as they lived at a great diſtance from any town, there was no poſſibility of procuring him advice. Their little ſtock of money ſoon began to fail, for as Jaſper's time was occupied in *nurſing*, it was impoſſible for him to augment the ſtore, and he had the miſerable proſpect of thinking his grandfather would want nouriſhment, at a time when he required a *double ſhare*.

A fortunate idea at length ſtruck him, and he reſolved immediately to put it in practice, for as the little cottage was ſituated near the Rhine, a variety of fiſhermens huts were contiguous to it, and he reſolved to offer his ſervices to mend their nets. Induſtry and application generally ſucceed,

ſucceed, and the amiable lad had the great ſatisfaction of adding a ſcanty pittance to the little ſtore.

Day after day he worked without intermiſſion, but winter approached, and his difficulties increaſed. The weather was ſevere, and the fuel ſcarce, and though he could have gained a ſupply by going to the woods, yet his grandfather might want aſſiſtance during his abſence, and even *die*, without a *hand* to cloſe his *aged eyes*.

Want of air and inceſſant watching had a viſible effect on the gentle Jaſper's health, and in addition to the anguiſh of his ſufferings, Bellairdine had the miſery of beholding thoſe of his darling child. "Oh my dear, my only ſurviving treaſure, the old man would often ſay, and am I to be bereaved of *all my comfort?* Am I to be the means of depriving *thee of exiſtence*, before thou haſt *taſted any of its ſweets?* Yes, I ſee, I ſee I ſhall be thy murderer! The roſes no longer bloom upon thy cheeks, thy eyes no

longer beam with health and joy—thy limbs have loſt their firm athletic form, and *I, my child*, have brought this *ruin on thee!*"

My deareſt grandfather, my only friend, I cannot bear to ſee you thus afflicted! ſickneſs has dimmed your dear, but aged eyes, and you no longer ſee your Jaſper clearly, I am *quite well*, quite every *thing* you wiſh—Oh that you were but in my ſituation! this pious deception in the amiable boy, would for a time ſatisfy the mind of the poor invalid, but again the thought that he was deſtroying the health of the object of his tenderneſs, in ſpite of his endeavours, would recur, and he would again give way to apprehenſions and deſpondency.

Though time ſeemed to move upon leaden pinions, yet langour and diſeaſe made rapid progreſs, and it was in vain that the amiable lad attempted to conceal an indiſpoſition that now was plain to every beholder. The neighbours who occaſionally viſited Bellairdine, aſſured him his grandſon could

could not live, if he had not ſome advice, and offered to take care of him during his abſence, if he would conſent to his going to a phyſician of eminence, who lived about five leagues from the place of their reſidence: though it was impoſſible for an old debilitated man to travel ſuch a diſtance in purſuit of health, yet a boy of fourteen could with eaſe undertake the journey, and particularly when one of the peaſants offered to give him a letter of reccommendation to his ſon, who lived half way on the road.

Jaſper, though grateful for their kindneſs and attention, could not reconcile the thought of quitting his grandfather, yet when he ſaw the probability there was of his remaining long confined, he felt it a duty to do whatever might be beneficial towards the recovery of his own health, that he might enjoy the ſatisfaction of contributing to the comfort of one whom he loved with more than filial fondneſs.

Bellairdine, who had long beheld the alte-

ration in his beloved grandſon's perſon with fearful apprehenſion, and acute pain, conjured him take the advice which was offered him, and no longer trifle with his precious life. The old man's wiſhes were always Jaſper's commands, and he promiſed to follow the council he received, and to ſet out at an early hour the following day, for the purpoſe of obtaining the phyſician's advice.

The proſpect of ſeparation, though only for a *ſhort period*, appeared equally dreadful to them both, and ſo greatly were Jaſper's ſpirits affected by the thought, that he could not cloſe his eyes the whole night. For ſome hours ſleep was denied to Bellairdine, but at length nature, exhauſted by anxiety and pain, fell into a calm and comfortable repoſe.

The amiable boy, unable to ſleep, aroſe ſome hours before day light, and dropping on his knees, by his grandfather's bedſide, beſought the Almighty to protect him during his abſence, and to grant that the journey

ney he was about to take, might ultimately tend to the advantage of them both.

"I ſhould have thought, mama," ſaid the little Marianne, "Jaſper had been going a journey of *five hundred leagues*, inſtead of a little excurſion of only *five*; why I declare I could walk it before breakfaſt."

"You are to recollect, my love," replied the marchioneſs, "that the poor lad was *extremely ill*, and of courſe felt himſelf unequal to any kind of fatigue, that he had never been ſeparated even a day from his grandfather, and that he was going to conſign him to the care of thoſe, on whom he knew not that he could depend.

"Dear Marianne," ſaid Alexandrine in a tone of impatience and diſcontent," I wiſh you would not *interrupt* my mama, for I long to know whether poor Jaſper was cured."

"You forget that he has not *began his journey*, continued the marchioneſs," however we muſt ſet him off, after letting him take a tender

a tender adieu of the invalid, and commending him to the protection of his friends and neighbours.

Weak in body, and dejected in mind, he ſat forward on his journey without hope or expectation, for ſo compleatly was he enervated by illneſs, that he felt totally indifferent what became of him. For his grandfather's ſake he wiſhed to *recover*, but independent of him life had no allurement; his mother was dead, his father had forſaken him, and he ſeemed a ſolitary member of exiſtence. This melancholy train of thought augmented the weakneſs which had before oppreſſed him, and, unable to purſue his journey, he ſat down on a bank, and remained weeping, by the ſide of the road.

From this impulſe of exhauſted nature, he was ſuddenly arouſed by the voice of conſolation, and he beheld a gentleman ſtanding before him, who anxiouſly demaned the occaſion of his ſorrow. The ſtory was

ſhor,

ſhort, ſimple, and affecting, and the manner of relating it called forth the ſtranger's tears, when, taking him by the hand with a warmth of tenderneſs, he ſaid, "*you are the very being* whom *I wiſhed to find.* Your father many years ago attended me to the Eaſt Indies, where his fidelity ſecured him an intereſt in my favour; I placed him in a ſituation highly advantageous, and aſſiſted him with the means of getting a fortune. His induſtry and application were crowned with ſucceſs, and he ſoon realized ſeveral thouſand pounds. Death prevented him from enjoying it, but during his illneſs he informed me that he had left an infant ſon under the care of his wife's father, and conjured me to diſcover whether he was ſtill in exiſtence, and to ſecure the property for the ſake of his child. I had then ſome thoughts of returning to my native country, and this event ſtrengthened my plan, and I determined to take this province in my way, for

the

the purpoſe of reſtoring to you your father's fortune, and I rejoice in having found you ſo truly deſerving of it.

The ſtranger might have proceeded in his diſcourſe till night, for Jaſper was wholly incapable of replying. That he ſhould have loſt a *parent*, and gained *a fortune*, were circumſtances ſo aſtoniſhing as to deprive him of utterance, but the idea that he might now reſcue his grandfather from *poverty*, ſtruck upon his mind with felicity and force, and in a tone of anxious interrogation he demanded whether the money *would* be *really* his *own*.

"*Will be* your own, ſaid the delighted ſtranger, gratified by the animation that glowed in every feature, *it is your own*, my honeſt fellow; and I long to know what uſe you intend to make of it. Oh ſir! replied the amiable boy, burſting into a flood of tears, what can I do better than try to ſave my dear grandfather's life? the Doctor now will ſurely *go* to him, if you will be ſo good, ſir,

ſir, as to give me the money to pay him Oh! he ſhall have every *farthing* if he *cures him*; for my grandfather, ſir, is all the *world to me.*

Amiable affection! charming ſenſibility! exclaimed the ſtranger, graſping Jaſper affectionately by the hand; I hope the Almighty will reſtore this valued friend, that he may live to enjoy your gratitude, and your love.

By this time the gentleman's carriage appeared in ſight, and he informed Jaſper he had a friend in it, whoſe ſkill in phyſic was equal to any they could apply to, and propoſed they ſhould both get into the chariot, and drive immediately to the ſick man's dwelling. To this propoſal the delighted boy agreed, and in leſs than an hour they arrived at Bellairdine's cottage.

Delight and joy beamed in Jaſper's countenance, as he approached the bedſide of his venerable protector; "Oh! my beloved grandfather!" exclaimed he in a voice of tenderneſs,

tenderneſs and exultation," now your Jaſper can make you *happy!* now he can prove the ſtrength of his tenderneſs. This dear gentleman has a great deal of money for me, and every farthing of it *ſhall be yours*, only get well, "try but to *get well!*—or elſe my money will be of no uſe to me."

Bellairdine remained mute with aſtoniſhment, and appeared to doubt the evidence of his ſenſes; the ſtranger however ſoon explained the circumſtance, and the phyſician humanely offered his advice. The old man lifted up his eyes to heaven, and with pious ejaculations bleſt the Almighty for his goodneſs; then preſſing his grandſon in his feeble arms, he ſhed tears of joy for the unexpected happineſs.

The phyſician immediately preſcribed for both, and a nurſe was engaged to take care of them. Jaſper was ordered to keep out in the air, and his illneſs attributed to cloſe confinement. Reviving cordials ſoon recovered the old man, and air and exerciſe

reſtored

reſtored the young one. The ſtranger was ſo charmed with the character of Jaſper, that he wiſhed to have taken him, and adopted him as his ſon; but he had too high a veneration for the worthy Bellairdine, to think of propoſing ſuch a ſcheme.—Yet, in juſtice to a boy of Jaſper's fortune, he could not conſent to his education being neglected; and as the old man could not bear the idea of a ſeparation, a tutor was engaged to reſide in the houſe. A ſmall eſtate, about a mile from the little cottage, was immediately purchaſed for their reception, and during the greateſt part of the ſummer, Jaſper's guardian regularly became their gueſt, and each viſit ſtrengthened both his friendſhip and affection.

"Oh mama, what a pretty ſtory," ſaid Alexandrine, "how I ſhould have loved that dear boy Jaſper!" "He is highly deſerving every body's regard," replied the marchioneſs, "and merits all the admiration you can beſtow upon him—however, ſuppoſe you now put

aſide your work, and take your accuſtomed rambles over the mountains; St. Julian has by this time compleated his ſtudies, and you can have the pleaſure of entertaining him with Jaſper's hiſtory.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

CATERINE was ſent with a meſſage to the marquis to enquire whether St. Julian could be ſpared; the gloves were replaced in a ſmall baſket, and they impatiently awaited the arrival of their brother. Caterine's countenance foretold their diſapointment; for St. Julian had been guilty both of *idleneſs* and *inattention*, and was not permitted to join the party. The marquis, however, followed the meſſenger, and offered to attend them in their little ramble. "Your mama," ſaid he, "wiſhes to compleat her morning taſk, before ſhe indulges herſelf in any gra-

tification; and with ſuch a pattern of induſtry and application, her children ought to bluſh at being guilty of idleneſs."

"I am ſure, papa," ſaid the timid Alexandrine, "St. Julian is miſerable at having incurred your diſpleaſure, and if you would only be kind enough to pardon him this once, and permit him to accompany us in our walk, I am perſuaded he will never offend you again."

"My actions muſt certainly," ſaid the marquis, "have convinced my children, that their happineſs is the ultimate object of my deſires; and that I would at any time ſacrifice my own pleaſure to promote theirs; but blindly to gratify their preſent inclinations, at the hazard of their future advantage, would be like purchaſing felicity in this world, by the loſs of it in the next. *Idleneſs* may be conſidered as the parent of iniquity; and though not abſolutely a *vice* in *itſelf*, yet it is ſo frequently the occaſion of

of its origin, that there is ſcarcely a poſſibility of ſeparating the *effect* from the cauſe.

For St. Julian to be *indolent*, or to neglect the cultivation of his mind, knowing that his exiſtence muſt depend upon its *exertion*, is one of thoſe unpardonable failings which carries with it marks of indelible diſgrace, and which I muſt conſtantly *condemn*, and always *puniſh*."

Fain would Alexandrine have palliated her brother's failings, but the tone of the marquis's voice ſtopped her utterance, and without attempting to make the leaſt reply, they proceeded forward in their ramble.

The little irritability in the marquis's feelings, which the conduct of his ſon had been the means of producing, was ſoon conquered by the beauty of the ſurrounding ſcene; and after admiring the ſublimity of the proſpect, and raiſing the minds of his children to the contemplation of Him, whoſe hand had formed the beauteous whole, took

each of his daughters affectionately by the hand, and ſeating them carefully at the top of the mountain, addreſſed them with tenderneſs, in the following words.

"You may poſſibly think, my beloved children, that I carried my reſentment againſt your brother, farther than the fault which he had committed appeared to merit—but when you reflect that *induſtry* alone is the *whole of his portion*, and are told that he has talents which will inſure him both competence and eſteem, you will not be aſtoniſhed at my feeling mortified at obſerving he does not convert them to their proper uſe. By application and induſtry, the loweſt may be *exalted*, and in a country were merit is certain of reward, St. Julian might expect to riſe to *eminence*. At the time that Athens was in all its glory, and philoſophy had obtained its utmoſt height, two young men devoid both of friends and fortune, obtained the applauſe of that mighty ſtate, merely by the practice of application and induſtry."

"Pray

"Pray tell us about them, dear papa, for I love to hear a *pretty ſtory*." "I know not, my dear girl, whether you will think it deſerves the appellation of a *pretty ſtory*," replied the marquis, tapping Marianne affectionately on the cheek, "but by repeating it to your brother when you are together, and making your own little animadverſions upon it; it may be the means of raiſing his dormant ſpirit, and inſpiring him with a fondneſs for learning and application. †

The Story of MENEDEMAS *and* ASCLEPIADES.

A Mutual fondneſs for learning and the ſciences, was the foundation of a friendſhip between theſe two young men; and as each had a deſire to obtain a knowledge of philoſophy, they reſolved to proſecute their ſtudies together. Their parents were poor, their ſituation was lowly, and they had no means of ſupplying the wants of nature, but by devoting their time to labour. To reſign the pleaſures they derived from ſtudy, or to give up the idea of preſerving life, appeared the only choice that was left them; yet fortunately there was an intermediate ſtate, and to that theſe friends luckily applied.

The day, it was reſolved, ſhould be devoted to ſtudy, and the night alternately employed

employed in labour; and with the trifling ſum which this mark of induſtry produced, did theſe aſpiring geniuses preſerve their own exiſtence.

That two young men, deſtitute of fortune, and devoid of friends, ſhould be able to ſupport themſelves without any *apparent reſource*, ſoon created ſuſpicion in ſome illiberal minds, and it was ſtrongly believed, that they had ſome illicit method of procuring the neceſſary means of their ſubſiſtance. Their enemies, not ſatisfied with confining this opinion within their own breaſts, ſoon took care to make it public; and the young philoſophers were immediately ſummoned to appear before a bench of *prejudiced* enquirers.

Aſclepiades and Menedemas inſtantly obeyed, and with that undaunted confidence which ever attends the innocent, intrepidly enquired *of what* they were *accuſed?*

They were informed, they were ſuſpected either of *fraud*, or *robbery*, and that if they could

could not explain the ſource from which they derived their ſubſiſtance, they would be treated as perſons obnoxious to the ſtate, and immediately committed to cloſe confinement. They attempted to reply to the charge alledged againſt them, but one of their judges immediately propoſed ſending for the perſon with whom they lodged, when to the confuſion of their ſuſpicious and ungenerous accuſers, he informed them, that theſe amiable and induſtrious young men alternately devoted their nights to labour, and by grinding corn in a hand-mill, earned ſufficient to ſuſtain nature on the following day.

A univerſal burſt of approbation and applauſe inſtantly ran through the whole aſſembly; and their application and abſtinence were equally admired!—two hundred drachmas of public money were unanimouſly voted to them from the treaſury, and with this ſum they were enabled to purchaſe ſuch books

books, as assisted them in the prosecution of their studies.

Here they observed the marchioness approach, and without waiting to comment upon the relation, they hastily rose to meet, and welcome her. She held out a letter to her attached husband, who after looking attentively at the superscription, declared himself an utter stranger to the hand, but breaking the seal with an appearance of impatience, he had the happiness of perusing the following words:

My Lord,

It has been observed by one of our most elegant and approved authors, that a *great mind* struggling against misfortune, is one of the most dignified sights that can be presented to human nature. You have struggled and rose above them—you have proved the magnanimity of a truly *noble mind*, and you have become the object of general admiration. The pastures which your hands have cultivated, and the lands which your

arm

arm had tilled, I gazed upon with a kind of enthuſiaſtic delight, and offered a ſilent petition that they might bring forth *abundantly!*

The amiable marchioneſs, and her lovely daughters are no leſs the object of my eſteem and veneration; to behold them *cheerfully* employed, in making coverings for hands, which but a few months before, might have been devoted to their ſervice, was a ſight that at once called forth my admiration, but agonized my feelings!

Fearful of intruding upon the ſacred precincts of misfortune, yet ſolicitous to offer both my *friendſhip* and my *ſervice*, I procured the garb of one of the neighbouring peaſants, and obſerved *unnoticed*, your domeſtic bliſs. The apprehenſion of being thought guilty of impertinent curioſity, withheld me from avowing my admiration and eſteem, and I quitted the precincts of induſtry and content without diſcloſing the reaſon of my preſuming to tread upon them.

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The incloſed bill, my lord, for five hundred pounds I do not aſk you to *accept*, but merely to *uſe*; it will enable you to *purchaſe* the ground you now *rent*, or extend your farm beyond the preſent circle.

That I have ſome right to make this requeſt, the liberality of your own mind will naturally allow, when I tell you that I have been honoured with your friendſhip, cheered by your hoſpitality, and improved by your converſation; and that the very moment you enjoy the reſtoration of your property, I ſhall avow my perſon, and claim my debt. Till then, my lord, I have honour to remain

Your ſincere Admirer,
but inviſible *Friend*.

This delicate proof of diſintereſted friendſhip, was received by the marquis with the livelieſt gratification, and as every line in the letter proved the refinement of the writers feelings, he was reſolved not to wound them by diſdaining its uſe. Who was the

beſtower of the generous boon, it was abſolutely impoſſible for him to conjecture, for as his doors had ever been thrown open to the Engliſh, his friendſhip and politeneſs had been indiſcriminately diſplayed, and as the marchioneſs's mother was an Engliſh woman, many of her connections paſſed whole months at his ſeat. The marchioneſs participated in the good fortune of her huſband, and the children, anxious to impart the joyful intelligence, intreated their mama's permiſſion to let them make haſte home, that they might be the firſt to tell their brother and Caterine the joyful news.

This requeſt was readily granted, and Alexandrine, taking Marianne by the hand, rapidly deſcended the ſtupendous mountain, and was running with the greateſt velocity towards the caſtle, when ſhe perceived the figure of an emaciated female, extended entirely acroſs the path.

"Oh ſiſter!" exclaimed Marianne, alarmed at the ſight of the apparently lifeleſs figure,

figure, "what ſhall we do? how ſhall we paſs the poor creature? for I am ſure ſhe is *dead!* Oh ſhe muſt be *dead*, for only look how thin and pale ſhe is!"

This poſitive conviction of the poor creature's fate, was uttered by Marianne in her *native language*; but as Alexandrine had perceived ſome ſymptoms of life in the unfortunate and hapleſs woman, ſhe tenderly preſſed her outſtretched hand, and in *Engliſh*, aſſured her both of ſuccour and aſſiſtance.

The tone of ſympathy and compaſſion with which this aſſurance was made, ſeemed inſtantly to recal the ſufferer to exiſtence, and turning her languid eyes upon the tender-hearted Alexandrine, ſhe groaned deeply, but did not attempt to ſpeak. "Oh Marianne! fly to the caſtle, and tell Caterine and Peggy to come hither in a moment, beg them to bring ſome wine, or ſome cordial with them, for you ſee ſhe has not ſtrength enough even to ſpeak."

Marianne did not wait to be twice directed; but exerting all the agility of which ſhe was miſtreſs, ſoon reached the hoſpitable abode, and as quickly returned with the two attendants. The marchioneſs had by this time reached the ſpot, and, with the aſſiſtance of her huſband, had raiſſed the hapleſs ſtranger, whoſe lovely though emaciated countenance, expreſſively acknowledged all their kindneſs. A few drops of cordial were forced down her throat, but the difficulty with which ſhe ſwallowed them, was truly alarming: and the debilitated ſtate to which ſhe was reduced, ſeemed to foretel an approaching diſſolution. The marquis attempted to carry her in his arms, but ſhe appeared unable to ſupport the motion, therefore Peggy was inſtantly diſpatched to farmer Morgan's, to beg that one of his men might help to remove the couch. On this antique piece of furniture the unfortnate ſufferer was laid, and in that manner conveyed

ed to the aſylum of diſtreſs, where after remaining near a fortnight without hopes of a recovery, ſhe teſtified ſymptoms of returning health, and appeared anxious to promote her own recovery.

During the time that ſhe appeared in danger, the marchioneſs ſcarcely ever quitted her bedſide, and felt her breaſt inſpired with ſo warm an intereſt, that ſhe could ſcarcely fancy ſhe was attending an entire ſtranger.

As ſoon as ſhe was capable of articulating her acknowledgments, the language which ſhe uſed proved the elegance of her breeding; and when ſhe was intreated not to oppreſs them with thanks, her mode of ſilence even diſplayed an inborn delicacy; and they were perſuaded that her misfortunes had not been the effect of vice. Her anxiety to diſcloſe them to her amiable benefactors, and her ſolicitude to make them acquainted with her hiſtory, proved that no diſgrace could be attached to it; but the

fear leaſt the recital of events which had been attended with ſuch melancholy conſequences, might injure that health which was by no means reſtored, induced the marchioneſs to intreat her to poſtpone the relation, and to avoid even taking a retroſpect of the paſt, until her future proſpects might appear more cheerful. It was in vain that the marchioneſs perſuaded her to adopt this meaſure, for her impatience appeared increaſed by the conſtraint, and after requeſting that the children might likewiſe hear her ſtory, ſhe addreſſed the family in the following words:

"The ſource from whence I derive my misfortunes, may be ſaid to have exiſted previous to my birth; for my mother's father, having experienced the mortifications which attend the younger branches of noble families, where the fortune is inadequate to the ſtyle in which they have been educated, reſolved that her *ſecond* child ſhould feel no degradation, and inſtead

ſtead of having her fortune ſettled upon the firſt born, the whole of it was to centre in the perſon of the ſecond. His attachment to my mother, who was an only child, rendered him totally blind to her failings and imperfections, and a diſpoſition which was naturally turbulent and overbearing, was never ſuffered to know conſtraint. Her beauty, which was at once ſtriking and attractive, ſoon gained her a crowd of admirers; but her temper, which ſhe never attempted to controul, ſoon ſent them in purſuit of leſs alluring objects: and though ſhe was known to inherit nearly an hundred thouſand pounds, it was univerſally believed that ſhe would never marry. My father at length ſaw, and admired her, and as his eſtates were involved by gaming and extravagance, he reſolved to retrieve them by this alliance. His perſon and addreſs happened to pleaſe her, and her father, anxious to ſee her eſtabliſhed, readily conſented to Mr. Fitzoſborn's wiſhes.

Amongſt

Amongſt the various caprices which my mother had been permitted to indulge, was that of an *unconquerable diſlike* to her *own ſex*; and even during the days of abſolute childhood, I have been told it was diſplayed in a thouſand different ſhapes. Our youthful propenſities ſeldom change; and her averſion to females increaſed with her years, until by the time ſhe was united to my father, ſhe had inſulted or offended all her young acquaintances.

At the moment there appeared a proſpect of her becoming a mother, this unamiable prejudice appeared with double force; and ſhe declared if the child ſhould prove a *female*, it ſhould certainly be ſent away from the houſe, as ſhe would not have her eyes offended by the ſight of hypocify, knowing their never exiſted an ingenuous woman. The critical period at length arrived, and ſhe was ſuppoſed to be in imminent danger; but after many hours paſſed in hope and expectation, a *ſon* was preſented to her mater-

nal

nal arms, whom ſhe received with evident ſymptoms of delight. This ſenſation exiſted but a ſhort period, for ſhe was informed there would be a *ſecond* claim upon her affection, and upon being made acquainted with this intelligence, ſhe broke out into the moſt violent paroxiſms of diſpleaſure, and vowed her doors ſhould be ſhut againſt the unfortunate intruder. In ſpite of prohibition, I made an unwelcome entrance into a world of miſery and misfortune; and no ſooner was my mother made acquainted with my ſex, than ſhe inſiſted upon my being baniſhed from her preſence, and inſtantly carried out of the houſe. The authority of my father was here interpoſed, and after accuſing her of cruelty and injuſtice, he inſiſted upon my remaining under his protection, declaring that if my mother denied me a place in *her affections*, I ſhould be compenſated by poſſeſſing a double portion of *his*.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding all perſuaſion and remonſtrance, ſhe inſiſted upon my being carried far from her ſight; and accordinly an apartment was inſtantly prepared in the moſt diſtant part of the ſpacious manſion, that her ears might never be aſſailed by my cries.

Whilſt I was thus inhumanly baniſhed from my mother's preſence, and depended upon ſtrangers for protection and care, my brother was never ſuffered to be out of her ſight; and her fondneſs for him, was as ridiculous and extravagant, as her prejudice againſt me was violent and unbounded. My father, indeed, repaid me for her unkindneſs, by loading me with preſents and careſſes; but his home was rendered ſo compleatly diſagreeable, that he was often abſent months together, and during theſe periods my life was *wretched*. Though at my birth I was not ſuffered to appear in her preſence, yet when ſhe quitted her confinement, my father compelled her to ſee me; and as ſoon as I

was

was old enough to be ſenſible of *unkindneſs*, ſhe permitted me to be with her for the pleaſure of making me *feel it*. My nurſe, who really loved me with exquiſite fondneſs, in vain remonſtrated againſt this cruelty; but ſo refined was the gratification ſhe derived from *tormenting*, that ſcarce a day paſſed that I was not made to ſuffer.

The moment my brother was capable of reflection, ſhe inſpired his breaſt with reciprocal diſlike; and ſo violent was the antipathy he took againſt my perſon, that he was frequently very near deſtroying my life. Whatever play-things my dear father bought me, I was compelled to reſign the moment he made a claim; and if I attempted to reſiſt his power or authority, the firſt thing he caught hold of I received at my head, unleſs my nurſe was preſent to ward off the blow. To my father this worthy creature would frequently complain, and Frederick was then conſtantly chaſtiſed; but for every ſtroke my father inflicted upon his perſon,

perſon, my mother revenged it by *twenty* upon mine.

The cruelty and injuſtice of my mother's conduct afforded matter of converſation for the whole neighbourhood; and whenever I walked out with my beloved nurſe, I was careſſed and pitied by every creature who beheld me. I often bore the marks of my brother's reſentment, yet when my nurſe was queſtioned whence they aroſe, ſhe was compelled to ſay they had occurred from *accident*, for ſhe knew, that if my mother was told, the poor creature had betrayed her cruelty, ſhe would inſtantly be diſcharged from the houſe. One particular inſtance of Frederick's inhumanity, when only a boy of nine years old, I cannot at this moment think of without horror, but what I felt at the time it occurred, is neither to be imagined or deſcribed.

A lady in the neighbourhood, who had always teſtified regret at my unfortunate and pitiable ſituation, having heard that I was remarkably

remarkably fond of birds, ſent me a breeding-cage, containing five canaries, with an affectionate note, deſcribing the manner they were to be fed. My father happened to be at home when this preſent arrived, and upon my brother's declaring that *he would have it*, informed him, if he preſumed to touch a ſingle bird, he would flog him ſo ſeverely he ſhould not move for a week. This threat was told to my mother, who inſiſted upon my inſtantly reſigning the gift; and upon my attempting to plead in behalf of my favourites, ſhe ſtruck me ſo violently that I fell to the ground; upon the blood iſſuing in torrents from my noſe, ſhe promiſed I ſhould retain them, if I did not tell my father. Delighted at being permitted to enjoy this indulgence, I became indifferent about the price, and the moment I could ſtop the violence of the bleeding, haſtened with the treaſure to my own apartment; each day my fondneſs for the little warblers increaſed; and at length they began preparing to build

their nests—I looked forward to the period of their having young ones, with an enthusiastic degree of delight, and that Frederick might become a sharer in the anticipated felicity, promised to give him the first brood. A few evenings before the time I thought they were to hatch, I perceived my brother violently impatient for his supper; but as I was never suffered to enjoy such an indulgence, I was preparing to retire to my own apartment, when he unexpectedly invited me to partake of it. "Will not mama be angry, brother," said I. "if she should see me supping with you?" Oh no, he replied in an unusual tone of good nature, "never fear, for I have got five or six larks for supper, and I know I shall not be able to *eat them all*, so you may as well stay and help me." An invitation so unexpected I could not refuse, and a servant entered and placed them before him. Though he said he was not hungry, he ate voraciously, yet gave me a part of every one, and I really felt

so

ſo grateful for his kindneſs and attention, that I ſeemed to forget all his former cruelty. We ſoon devoured our little feaſt, and I haſtened to my apartment to avoid the ſight of my mother; who, in ſpite of Frederick's aſſurance to the contrary, I knew would be enraged if ſhe ſaw me up. Before I was undreſſed, I always took leave of my favourites, and I ran to the cage for that purpoſe; when judge of my horror, agony, and agitation, to ſee their five heads all placed in one neſt. The cauſe of Frederick's kindneſs was now revealed, and my heart ſickened at the very thought—He had really *eaten* the gift my friend had beſtowed, and with ſavage cruelty devoured what I conſidered as my children! My grief and indignation knew no bounds, and as I would not ſuffer the food to remain within my ſtomach, I drank warm water until I made myſelf ill, and never ceaſed crying the whole night. The ſervants endeavoured to ſooth, and conſole me; but I was too

much affected to reſtrain my feelings. My father, who had been abſent for ſome days, I had the happineſs of hearing returned after I was in bed; and I impatiently longed for the hour of his riſing, that he might avenge the injury I had ſuſtained.

Juſt as I was preparing to go into his ſtudy, I received a ſummons to appear in my mother's apartment, where the object of my averſion had taken ſhelter, to ſecure himſelf againſt his father's reſentment.

"So, Miſs Eliza" (ſaid my mother, in a ſarcaſtic tone), "you were preparing to impeach your amiable brother, who, for merely indulging a boyiſh whim, might probably have been *murdered* by his inhuman parent! But *mark me*—and remember that I will adhere to my promiſe—if you do not tell your father that the cat deſtroyed thoſe little noiſy animals, or *dare to hint* that my ſon had any hand in their death, your favourite nurſe ſhall inſtantly quit the houſe, and I will place a ſervant about your perſon

perſon who ſhall *hate* as much as *ſhe loves you.*

"What, Miſs Fitzoſborn, did your mama teach you to *tell ſtories?*" exclaimed Marianne, in a tone of wonder and aſtoniſhment. "I wiſh, Marianne, you would be quiet, and not interrupt Miſs Fitzoſborn," ſaid St. Julian, "for I never heard ſuch an intereſting ſtory."

"As Miſs Fitzoſborn has ſuffered an interruption," replied the marchioneſs, "I muſt intreat her to defer her hiſtory until to-morrow morning; for I perceive her ſtrength is very much exhauſted, and I fear that her health may be injured by the exertion."—"Do, my dear girl, ſuffer yourſelf to be perſuaded," ſaid the marquis, taking her kindly and tenderly by the hand; "we have had ſome difficulty, you know, in reſtoring you thus far; and you muſt not do any thing to hazard a return of your diſeaſe."

"I ſhould be *ungrateful indeed*," ſaid the amiable girl, viewing her protectors with a look of ineffable ſweetneſs, "if I could do any thing that ſhould be likely to give pain to my benefactors; but the forlorn ſituation in which they found me, united to the very friendleſs ſtate in which I ſtill remain, has ſo much the appearance of my being *undeſerving*, that I was ſolicitous to convince them that I merely am *unfortunate*."

The marquis here aſſured her that they had never for a moment entertained a prejudicial opinion of her; and as ſhe really found herſelf both fatigued and exhauſted, ſhe readily yielded to his perſuaſion, and the hiſtory was deferred until the following day.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

The Continuation of ELIZA FITZOSBORN'S *Hiſtory.*

THE children, who were all expectation and impatience, were extremely mortified at the ſuſpenſion; and as they had not learned to *diſguiſe* their *feelings*, the marchioneſs could not avoid reprehending them for it—"That you were intereſted and amuſed by Miſs Fitzoſborn's narrative, I cannot, my beloved children, entertain a doubt; but that you ſhould ſelfiſhly think of your *own gratifications*, when the health of an amiable young woman is at ſtake, is an inſtance of illiberality I did not think you

you could have diſplayed, and I am hurt at perceiving ſuch manifeſt proofs of it."

"Indeed, mama," ſaid Alexandrine, "we none of us *ſolicited* Miſs Fitzoſborn to proceed, and I am ſure we would not do her an *injury* for the world." "You could not have taken the liberty of aſking her to proceed, when your father intreated her to defer doing it; but you all looked extremely diſappointed, and certainly thought more of your own gratifications, than of the debilitated ſtate to which ſhe was reduced. It is natural for us all to enjoy being *amuſed*, but if ever it is purchaſed at another's expence, the gratification no longer becomes innocent, and it is our duty inſtantly to relinquiſh the purſuit."

"I know not how it is, mama," replied Alexandrine, "but you really ſeem to know our very *thoughts*. I certainly *did wiſh* Miſs Fitzoſborn to conclude her ſtory, though I never recollected it might make her ill; and I promiſe never to be ſo inattentive

tentive to her health again."—"And ſo do I, mama," ſaid St. Julian, embracing the marchioneſs's hand, "and intreat you not to think *ill of us* for ſuch an inattention; for I would rather never hear the end of the hiſtory, than incur your diſpleaſure, even for a moment."

"My diſpleaſure muſt always be *tranſient*, my beloved children, whilſt I behold ſuch amiable proofs of ingenuous confidence. You judge right in believing that I can diſcover your *very* THOUGHTS," continued the amiable parent, alternately embracing them, "for by that means I hope to be able to direct your actions; and if I never find more to reprehend in the indulgence of them, than I have hitherto had occaſion to do, my diſcrimination need not make you tremble." The entrance of the marquis prevented a reply, and the converſation was of courſe turned into a different channel; the children ſoon retired

tired to their own apartment, and the contented pair enjoyed a ſocial tête-à-tête.

The invalid appeared much better the next morning; and, anxious to proceed with her intereſting narrative, ſummoned the family around her at an early hour, and deſcribed her misfortunes in the following words:

"The countenance of my mother, whilſt making the declaration with which I cloſed my ſtory laſt night, gave me reaſon to be convinced that ſhe would put it in force: and though the blood of my *favourites* called *loudly* for *vengeance*, it was not to be purchaſed by the diſmiſſal of my nurſe, and I promiſed obedience to the orders I had received. The inhuman boy, exulting in his cruelty, demanded whether I would ſup with him *that night;* and my mother, pleaſed with this mark of his ſagacity, loaded him with praiſes and careſſes.

"With a heart ſinking under the weight of my afflictions, I returned ſlowly to my own

own chamber; and ſo ſtrong was my repugnance to telling an *untruth*, that I could not bear the idea of ſeeing my father. His well-known voice ſoon demanded my preſence, but my countenance ſtruck him with alarm and apprehenſion."

"What new inſult" (ſaid he, in a voice of pity) "has my poor Eliza been forced to endure? Tell me, my love," continued he, taking me affectionately by the hand, "how have you been treated during my abſence?" The ſoftneſs of his manner, and the tenderneſs of his looks, ſo completely overpowered my feelings, that I was incapable of reſtraining my tears; and, throwing my arms with fondneſs round his neck, I ſobbed upon his breaſt with an exceſs of violence. My father appeared extremely agitated, and ringing the bell in great emotion, he deſired my nurſe to be inſtantly ſent to him.

After blaming her for concealing the treatment I received, whenever he was abſent from his uncomfortable home, he took from

from his pocket an anonymous letter, and read it aloud, in which *his conduct* was *severely reprehended* for ſuffering me to remain under the roof of a woman, who, from the hour of my birth had treated me with *inhumanity*, and pointed out a ſchool as a proper aſylum until my education was completely finished. My father then ordered my nurſe to pack up my clothes, and deſired the carriage to be ready in leſs than an hour, declaring I ſhould take my breakfaſt in his apartment, and be no longer ſubject either to cruelty or inſult. The poor woman loved me too well to regret my departure, yet could not take leave without emotion and tears; and though I was rejoiced at being ſeparated from my unnatural mother, I could not bid farewel to my nurſe with careleſſneſs and compoſure.

My mother was ſtanding at the drawing-room window, when the chariot drove to the hall door; but as my father and herſelf were too faſhionable a couple ever to interfere

fere with each other's movements, ſhe gave herſelf no concern upon the occaſion, but walked careleſsly away, as if ſhe wiſhed to avoid his ſight.

My brother had for ſome months previous to this arrangement, been placed under the care of a private tutor, who, perceiving the influence he had obtained over my mother, knew it would be in vain ever to contradict him, therefore permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations as much as if he had not been preſent. In the ſociety of this perſon, Frederick generally paſſed a couple of hours as ſoon as breakfast was completely ended; and, at the expiration of that time, I always received a ſummons to attend him. This ſummons I heard both with dread and apprehenſion, as I was certain of ſuffering from the tyranny of his temper; I was not only compelled to be harneſſed to a little carriage, and to draw him till I could ſcarcely crawl, but he was permitted to treat me exactly as his beaſt,

and to lash me with his whip until I was covered with weals.

Soon after I had quitted the houſe, my brother ordered me to be ſent for; and upon being told that my father had taken me in the carriage, became outrageous from diſappointment; and flying to my mother in the height of reſentment, vowed he would follow me if I was gone to the end of the world. My mother's fury was abſolutely unbounded, and ſhe vowed I ſhould never again enter the houſe, and inſiſted upon the nurſe being inſtantly diſcharged. The poor creature had not waited for this command, for the moment my father had placed me in the carriage, ſhe quitted a ſituation in which ſhe had never enjoyed one ſingle hour of real happineſs.

During our journey, which was but a ſhort one, my father aſſured me of his inviolable affection, and appeared to feel the force of the anonymous letter ſo very ſtrongly, that he was continually blaming his own conduct.

conduct. He assured me my mother should not know where he placed me, and promised to secure me against her future unkindness; declaring that, whatever might be the consequence of his resolution, she never should be suffered to behold me again. I was placed under the care of one of the most amiable of women, who treated me with the affection of a parent, and the gentleness of a friend; and so exquisitely refined appeared my felicity, that I conceived no human happiness equal to my own.

Five happy years flew rapidly away, during which time I frequently saw my father; but though my mother had obtained a knowledge of my residence, she never even expressed a desire to see me."

"But why was she so sorry, Miss Fitzosborn," said St. Julian, "when she heard you had left the house, if she did not want to see you?"

"It was not *sorrow*, my dear," replied Miss Fitzosborn, "but *anger*, that she felt

at my departure. She had conſidered me as a creature wholly in her power, whom ſhe was permitted to torture and torment as ſhe pleaſed; and ſhe felt ſo much gratification in the ungenerous employment, that ſhe could not bear the thought of being deprived of it: but had ſhe viſited me when under Mrs. Miller's protection, ſhe knew ſhe could not indulge her cruel nature, and therefore no longer felt a wiſh to ſee me. I told you that five years had paſſed away in the moſt perfect bliſs that ever being knew—enough of ſorrow have I ſince endured, to make me dwell with fondneſs on that time."

Here the recollection of ſome dreadful misfortune appeared quite to overpower Miſs Fitzoſborn's feelings, and her ſympathizing auditors perſuaded her to paſs over it.—"I will touch as lightly upon the melancholy event as poſſible," ſaid the agitated ſufferer, "in pity to your feelings as well as to my own, and merely ſay that the ſudden

ſudden death of my beloved father totally changed the ſituation of my affairs, and once more threw me into the power of her whoſe cruelty and injuſtice had involved me in miſery. My much-loved parent unfortunately died without a will; and the eſtates, which were extremely involved, of courſe deſcended to my unnatural brother, who, finding his inheritance infinitely below his expectation, laid claim to the fortune I was to derive from my mother's *ſettlement*. This ſettlement had frequently been a ſource of diſpute between my mother and her father; for, in conſequence of her inveterate hatred againſt me, ſhe wiſhed him to endeavour to ſet it aſide; but as he really had an affection for me, he refuſed liſtening to her intreaties, and the ſettlement remained in the ſame manner it had been drawn. This worthy man died ſoon after my eſtabliſhment at Mrs. Miller's, and in him I loſt a firm defender and a ſincere friend.

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My mother was no ſooner made acquainted with the ſituation of my father's affairs, than ſhe ſent for me to return home, declaring ſhe could not afford to pay for my board, and that ſhe thought my education muſt be by that time perfect.

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the anguiſh which I endured at this intelligence, or agonize your ſympathetic boſoms, my amiable friends, by painting the reception I met with at my return. Suffice it to ſay, that I was treated with the moſt ſtudied inſolence, and the moſt ſportive cruelty, both by the author of my being, and the object of her tenderneſs, and that whatever your imagination can conceive of oppreſſion and inhumanity, was ſtudiouſly exhibited in their conduct.

After having ſuffered two years of purgatory, their behaviour underwent a total change; and, inſtead of being confined to my own chamber, I had unbounded permiſſion to range through the houſe; though I was

I was never ſuffered to appear, if there were ſtrangers. This treatment, ſo ſudden and extraordinary, in the courſe of a few months was perfectly explained by an attorney, who had long been employed in the family, requeſting me to reſign all pretenſion to the eſtates, and telling me that, in caſe I would comply with this requeſt, he had orders to pay me *three thouſand pounds:* but, if I ſtill perſiſted in a refuſal, my brother was reſolved to compel me by law; for that, upon re-examining the marriage ſettlements, it was found that my grandfather's fortune was to devolve to the *ſecond* SON; and that, as I could not change my ſex, of courſe I had no right to the claim; adding, that it was a great proof of my brother's *generoſity*, his having offered to preſent me with any part of it.

So much was I exaſperated by the duplicity of this wretch, that it was with difficulty I could ſuffer him to conclude this harangue; but with the ſcorn and contempt which

which his conduct deſerved, I informed him I could penetrate into the whole of his deſigns—and though I was ſhocked at the injuſtice of my brother's conduct, I was more ſo at finding he could procure an agent, who, under the maſk of being a protector to the DEFENCELESS, was the inſidious means by which they were *betrayed*.

Confounded and aſtoniſhed by this ſpirited reply, the deſpicable being hurried out of the room; but I had ſoon reaſon to repent of my temerity, and to blame the honeſt indignation which fraudulence had inſpired. My mother appeared, with fury in her countenance, and, after loading me with a torrent of unmerited abuſe, ſtruck me ſeveral violent blows upon the head; and, as I was too much terrified to attempt avoiding them, had not a ſervant entered, they would probably have proved fatal to me. I was ordered inſtantly to retire to my chamber, where I abſolutely was confined ſeveral months, when at length I had the miſery

of

of being told, that my brother had gained the cauſe againſt me, and that my whole reliance muſt be upon *his honour*.—Shocked at a misfortune ſo wholly unexpected, and unable to ſubmit to receive a favour from his hands, I wrote a letter to the amiable Mrs. Miller, informing her of the melancholy change in my affairs, and conjuring her to afford me a ſhelter under her roof, until ſome eligible ſituation could be found where I might earn a ſubſiſtence by the exertion of my abilities, without being obliged to thoſe whom I muſt ever deſpiſe. My letter, alas! was returned unopened, and I had the mortification of hearing that the only friend I poſſeſſed on earth had recently been tranſlated into the regions of heaven!

At this intelligence all my fortitude forſook me; and, no longer able to ſupport the burthen of exiſtence, I beſought the Almighty to put a period to it, and no longer ſuffer me to remain an inhabitant

of

of a world, where all its members ſeemed leagued againſt my peace! I was rouſed from this ſhameful want of ſubmiſſion to my Maker, by the appearance of a ſervant who was warmly attached to my intereſt, and who enlivened the dreary proſpect which had hitherto ſurrounded me, by preſenting me with a letter from my amiable nurſe. The worthy creature had been informed of the death of my father—of my mother's unjuſt attempt to deprive me of my property—and of the cruel manner in which I had been treated; and, rouſed by theſe inſtances of tyranny and fraud, ſhe wiſhed to come to England for the ſake of proving herſelf my friend; and having ſeveral letters of my father's in her poſſeſſion, which mentioned the fortune which had been ſo unjuſtly claimed, ſhe fancied if they were once publiſhed, my right would be made clear; and ſhe merely waited for my conſent to commence her journey. To attempt oppoſing a fiat which had once been ordained,

or

or to ſtruggle againſt an authority I had found ſupreme, I was convinced would be *uſeleſs* and *inefficacious;* therefore, inſtead of ſuffering the poor creature to come to England, I reſolved to attempt making a journey into Wales. For this purpoſe I collected together my few valuables, and with the ſervant's aſſiſtance eſcaped unſeen; but the fatigue of travelling, and the agitation of my mind, ſoon brought on a high fever, and for ſeveral days I was thought in imminent danger. Youth, and a ſtrong conſtitution, at length prevailed over the diſeaſe, and as ſoon as I was able to proceed, I continued my route; but the expences which had attended my tedious illneſs, and the exorbitant demands of thoſe who had attended me in it, had reduced my purſe to ſo low an ebb, that I was under the neceſſity of proceeding on foot. How ill I was qualified for a pedeſtrian undertaking, and how nearly it had been the means of ending all my ſorrows, you, my valued friends, to whom I owe my reſtoration

reſtoration to life, will not find it neceſſary for me to relate: but that an exiſtence which has been prolonged by the means of your *kindneſs*, ſhould joyfully be devoted to the promotion of your *comforts*, you muſt at leaſt allow me the ſatisfaction to declare; and if by any unforeſeen event I ſhould ever be reſtored to the poſſeſſion of my property, the Marquis de St. Clair ſhould not find I was *ungrateful*: but ſo faint is the probability of my experiencing an act of juſtice, and ſo few are the opportunities you will allow me to enjoy of expreſſing the ſenſe I entertain of your goodneſs, that I intreat to be permitted this once to aſſure you, that my heart knows no happineſs equal to your friendſhip; and when circumſtances ſhall divide, and ſpace ſeparate us, it will long remain an inhabitant of this dear abode, when its unfortunate poſſeſſor will be removed far from it."

"No, my dear girl," ſaid the marchioneſs, embracing her, "the heart, and the

loved

loved form which it animates and directs, I can never conſent to behold *ſeparated*; if we poſſeſs your *heart*, you muſt give us your *perſon*, it is a favour we have long wiſhed to ſolicit at your hands, though we were anxious to hear your hiſtory before we ventured to make it."

"Yes, my dear Miſs Fitzoſborn," ſaid the accompliſhed marquis, taking her cordially by the hand, "I aſſure you we have long had it in meditation, and not any thing that we have heard in your unfortunate hiſtory, gives me reaſon to ſuppoſe our requeſts will be refuſed. With regard to the *injuſtice* with which you have been treated, I am at preſent not competent to adviſe you how to act; neither would it be proper for a man in my ſituation, to preſume to offer his ſentiments in a matter of *ſuch moment*. That you have been ſhamefully wronged, yet may receive redreſs, is a truth which will not admit of a moment's doubt; but whether it can be obtained before you

are of age, or whether you muſt wait until that period, is a circumſtance certainly worth enquiry."

"That, my lord, I think we may diſcover," replied Miſs Fitzoſborn, "as ſoon as I have ſeen the worthy Mrs. Johnſon, as the letters of my deceaſed father to that attached creature, may probably give a light into the affair.

"*Johnſon!* did you ſay?" exclaimed the marquis, can your nurſe be the wife of a farmer of that name? "Miſs Fitzoſborn immediately replied in the affirmative, and ſoon found that her nurſe was the wife of the worthy creature whom the marquis had been the means of reſcuing from priſon. St. Julian inſtantly offered to run to the farm, and, under a pretence of his mother wanting to ſpeak to Mrs. Johnſon, introduce her to his unfortunate, but amiable gueſt.

A requeſt from the caſtle was received as a *command*; and after tying on a clean white apron, and drawing on a pair of black

black worſted mitts, Mrs. Johnſon told her conductor, ſhe was ready to attend him, and in leſs than half an hour they arrived at the gothic manſion.

Miſs Fitzoſborn was ſtill reclining on the couch, whilſt the marchioneſs was ſeated affectionately by her ſide, when the door opened with ſome degree of quickneſs, and the delighted St. Julian announced his gueſt.

"Did your ladyſhip be pleaſed to want to ſpeak to me?" ſaid the worthy creature, dropping a low curtſey. "Yes, my good friend," replied the marchioneſs, "this lady is lately arrived from England, and has ſome knowledge of Mr. Fitzoſborn's family."

"Heaven be praiſed!" ſhe eagerly exclaimed, "then, mayhap ma'am, you can tell me ſomething about that angel Miſs Eliza?"

"Nurſe! my deareſt nurſe!" ſaid the affectionate girl, "have you quite forgotten your own child?"

"My child! can this be my dear, my long loved Miſs Eliza? Oh how pale! how ſadly pale! Yes, "continued ſhe, throwing her arm around her waiſt, and ſobbing with exceſs of joy, "tis her, indeed it is! but oh you are ſadly changed! I left you blooming like a roſe, and now I ſee you paler than the lily."

"Miſs Fitzoſborn has been dangerouſly ill, my dear Mrs. Johnſon;" ſaid the marchioneſs, fearful that the poor creature's diſtreſs at ſeeing the object of her fondneſs ſo different to what ſhe expected, ſhould agitate her young friend's ſpirits; "but a little Welch milk, and good air, will ſoon recover her I do not doubt, and make the *roſe* put the *lily* out of *countenance* in a very ſhort time."

"God *grant it may!*" ſhe exclaimed in an emphatic tone; "but I know who ought to be put *out of countenance* by the ſight of that *angel face*, looking as it were for all the world, like a corpſe." "You forget, my dear

dear woman," ſaid the marquis, ſmiling, and attempting to give the converſation a more lively turn, "that you are endeavouring to make Miſs Fitzoſborn believe ſhe has entirely reſigned all pretenſions to *attraction*: for to compare a lady either to a *lily* or a *corpſe*, is but a negative kind of compliment to her charms. However," continued he, "we will leave you together, on condition that you will not make her fancy ſhe is grown abſolutely *frightful*."

The children inſtantly aroſe from their ſeat, and after thanking Miſs Fitzoſborn for the entertainment ſhe had afforded them, congratulated themſelves on their own good fortune, in being bleſt with a mother who only ſtudied their felicity, and with a father who loved them with an exceſs of fondneſs.

"Yes, ſaid Marianne," kiſſing St. Julian's hand, "and we are lucky in having ſuch a *good brother*, for what a ſhocking thing it would be, Alexandrine, if he was to treat

us as cruelly as Frederick did Miſs Fitzoſborn!—how ſhould you like to be his *horſe*, and let him whip you till your back was covered with weals? I declare I could cry when I think of what ſhe ſuffered; and I heartily wiſh that wicked boy was dead."

"Never, my dear love," ſaid St. Julian, embracing her, "join my name with that of a boy who could be capable of ſuch conduct, for indeed, Marianne, he is a diſgrace to his ſex; and though I am ſure my diſpoſition is not naturally *cruel*, yet I ſhould like to have him once in my power. Oh! I would make him pay for all his inhumanity, and let him ſuffer ten times more than his poor ſiſter *ever* did."

"Who is this, St. Julian," ſaid the marquis, joining them, "that has had the misfortune to fall under your diſpleaſure? their ſituation would be pitiable, if they were once in your power."

"Oh papa, we were talking of Frederick Fitzoſborn," replied Marianne; "and I wiſh with

with all my heart we had him here, for we would harneſs him directly to that wheel-barrow, for you know papa, we have not a carriage, and then we would flog him—Oh how we would flog him, why *the blood* ſhould ſtream at every ſtroke!"

"The *blood* ſtream at every ſtroke!" exclaimed the marquis in a tone of diſpleaſure and ſurpriſe. "Where have you acquired ſuch ſanguinary ſentiments? and who has taught you to conceive there can be *pleaſure* in *revenge*?"

"Why papa," ſaid Marianne in an embarraſſed tone, "do not you think Frederick Fitzoſborn deſerves to be *puniſhed* for his *cruelty*?" "Moſt aſſuredly I do; but puniſhment, you know, is in the hand of the Almighty, and he will proportion it according to the crime."

Marianne was prevented from replying to this obſervation, by the appearance of Mrs Johnſon, who was returning home, and who with tears in her eyes, bleſt the marquis's

marquis's humanity to the amiable object of her ſolicitude and affection; and as he wiſhed to inform himſelf of every particular reſpecting Miſs Fitzoſborn's family, he attended the worthy creature home to the farm, for the purpoſe of peruſing the letters that were in her poſſeſſion, and judging from thence, whether there was a poſſibility of his young friend being able to aſſert her claim.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

THE intereſt which this unfortunate young woman had created in the boſoms of the amiable inhabitants of the caſtle, had ſo entirely occupied all their thoughts, that the ſituation of their own affairs had been totally forgotten, and the note which had occaſioned them ſo much ſatisfaction, had remained unnoticed in the marquis's pocket-book. Some converſation with the farmer upon the ſubject of his land, brought the valuable proof of friendſhip again to his remembrance, and a bargain was inſtantly

ſtantly ſtruck between them, highly to the ſatisfaction of both parties.

Whilſt the marquis was diſpoſing of the property of his benefactor in a manner that promiſed to be advantageous to himſelf, the marchioneſs was employed in her daily occupation, and as it was ſettled that Miſs Fitzoſborn ſhould be conſidered as one of the family, ſhe was permitted to contribute her means to the ſupport of it, and Morgan was commiſſioned to procure a freſh ſupply of gloves.

As the whole family were buſily employed, Alexandrine intreated to be favoured with a ſtory; but the marchioneſs complaining of a violent head ache, deſired her to requeſt the favour of Miſs Fitzoſborn to indulge them; adding, that as they wiſhed to acquire a knowledge of the Engliſh character, the moſt trifling anecdotes muſt become intereſting, and if it was not treſpaſsing upon their young friend's kindneſs,

even

even herſelf would be gratified by attending to her narrations.

'You forget, my dear madam,' replied the amiable girl, 'that my life was ſpent in retirement and ſeclusion; but to prove the delight I ſhall always feel in contributing to your entertainment, I will give you the hiſtory of a family, whoſe virtues deſerve a more eloquent recorder.'

The effects of DISOBEDIENCE *and* OBEDIENCE, *exemplified in the Hiſtory of Mrs.* HAMMERSLEY, *and her Daughter.*

IN the ſame village where my father reſided, lived a gentleman of the name of Hammerſley, who might juſtly be conſidered as an ornament to his profeſſion, and was univerſally allowed to be an honour to human nature. He inherited from his father, a ſmall patrimonial eſtate, which, when combined with the income derived from his ſacred office, did not amount to more than three hundred a year.

With this circumſcribed fortune he contrived to live in a ſtyle of elegance, and though his family conſiſted of five children, was both a friend and benefactor to miſery and misfortune. His wife was the younger daughter of a Scotch Baronet, who was ſo compleatly exaſperated by her marriage with a Curate,

a Curate, that he would not ſuffer her name to be mentioned in his preſence, and carried his reſentment to ſo great a height, that he refuſed her requeſt of his dying bleſſing.

Shocked at this proof of inflexible diſpleaſure, and lamenting too late an act of disobedience, the ſuſceptible mind of the amiable Mrs. Hammerſley ſunk under the pangs of a reproaching conſcience, and in ſpite of the efforts of her attached huſband, was never able to regain its wanted compoſure.

In vain did he endeavour to calm her apprehenſions, in vain did he try to ſooth her fears; the idea that the *curſe* of her *father* would *purſue her*, rendered her deaf to the voice of love and conſolation; and after languiſhing under her dejection near eighteen months, ſhe left a diſconſolate huſband to lament her loſs.

A few days previous to her unfortunate diſſolution, ſhe ſummoned her family around her bed, and embracing Mr. Hammerſley

with the moſt affecting tenderneſs, beſought him to forgive the ſorrow ſhe had occaſioned him, and rather *rejoice* than *grieve*, at her approaching death.

"For eleven years, my Edward," ſaid ſhe, "I enjoyed uninterrupted happineſs, without once reflecting upon the ſin I had committed—and though I was grieved at being baniſhed from the preſence of my father, your affection compenſated for the loſs of parental love—but when I was rudely turned from my father's door, and told that his *curſe* would light upon my head, my heart trembled at the very ſound, and I have been eternally expecting to find it executed! From this apprehenſion I am going to be releaſed, from this terrifying idea I am going to be removed—I feel that I have made my peace with the Almighty, and I have only to conjure my Edward to be reſigned!"

"To my Caroline," continued ſhe, addreſſing the firſt proof of her affection, "I

muſt

muſt now devote the few remaining hours of my life. Your ſiſters are too young to liſten to my injunctions, but they will be indelibly impreſſed upon your ductile mind. In me, you behold the *victim of diſobedience*; if you would avoid my puniſhment, abhor the crime. In the affection of a huſband on whom my heart has doated, I loſt a ſenſe of the fault I had committed, but the dying execration of an *offended parent*, has preſented it to my mind in a moſt afflictive ſhape; and neither the increaſed attentions of my beloved Edward, nor the officious fondneſs of my adored children, have been ſufficient to reconcile my diſobedience to my mind; and *death* alone ſeems capable of aſſuaging my ſorrows!" Here the violence of her agitation overpowered her ſpeech, and rendered her incapable of proceeding. The children were removed from the diſtreſſing ſcene, and in leſs than an hour, her ſorrows cloſed.

Here Alexandrine burſt into tears, and after lamenting the death of the amiable Mrs. Hammerſley, enquired if the marchioneſs did not think ſhe was to blame for having given way to ſuch an exceſs of ſorrow.

"She was more to be *pitied*, my love, than *blamed*," replied the marchioneſs in a voice of ſympathy; "for ſhe muſt have been endowed with that kind of exquiſite *ſenſibility* which could not ſupport the pangs of a *reproving conſcience*; and there might have been circumſtances that aggravated her faults, of which Miſs Fitzoſborn perhaps is ignorant—at any rate, the ſtory proves that the reflection of one *act* of filial diſobedience can deſtroy all the enjoyments it was expected to produce, and though bleſt with the fondneſs of one of the moſt amiable of men, it was incapable of affording her the ſlighteſt gratification."

"Oh you forget, mama," ſaid St. Julian, that

that ſhe told him ſhe had been happy for *eleven years.*"

"She *was happy* from not having *reflected* upon *her fault*, and in all probability ſhe was cheered with the hope of regaining the loſt affection of her enraged father; but when ſhe found that his anger was *inexorable*, and that his reſentment purſued her even to the *grave*, ſhe fancied her guilt muſt have been proportioned to the ſeverity of the puniſhment, and unable to ſupport ſo diſtreſſing an idea, her health and ſpirits ſunk beneath it. But I think we ſhould have heard more of this intereſting family, if you had not interrupted Miſs Fitzoſborn."

"Oh, I am delighted at that, mama, pray Miſs Fitzoſborn, be kind enough to proceed."

Mr. Hammerſley's grief at the death of a beloved wife, was calm, tender and refined; but Caroline, who abſolutely doated upon her mother, was, for a length of time,

incapable of reconciling her loſs, and gave way to the moſt *violent paroxiſms* of *diſtreſs*.

Her father, at firſt attempted not to controul her, conceiving that *time* would aſſuage the violence of her grief; but perceiving that by being ſuffered to indulge her feelings, they abſolutely defied all conſtraint, he repreſented her conduct as offenſive to the Almighty, and afflicting to one who required her conſolation.

"In your affection and your tenderneſs, my Caroline," ſaid the diſtreſſed and agitated mourner," I had vainly hoped to have found conſolation; and imagined you would rejoice in being able to ſupply, in ſome degree, the loſs I have ſo recently ſuſtained! but alas! inſtead of endeavouring to mitigate my affliction, you cruelly ſeem to try to augment it; and inſtead of leading my mind to the duties of my ſtation, you *rivet* my *thoughts* to the region of the *grave*! Your ſiſters demand a double portion of my tenderneſs, and you are old enough

enough to aſſiſt me in the precious truſt; but you ſeem to have forgot they have *loſt a mother*, and ceaſe to attend to their wiſhes, and their wants!—Our humble penſioners too, are all neglected, thoſe daily objects of my Amand's care, ſeem to have loſt their claim upon your *pity*, and call in vain for ſuccour and aſſiſtance!"

"Oh my father! my dear dear father!" ſaid the agitated girl, embracing him with fondneſs, "ſpare me this once, and I will be all you wiſh. Yes, I am culpable, I feel I am: and never more will I augment your ſorrows!" Here, regret at having added to the affliction of ſo amiable a parent, quite overpowered her feelings, and ſhe was under the neceſſity of quitting the room, and retiring to her own chamber, where, after invoking the ſpirit of her beloved mother to ſtrengthen the reſolution ſhe had formed, ſhe dried her tears, and went into the nurſery, and after playing with an infant which was ſtill in arms, and

fondly

fondly careſſing thoſe which were a few years older, ſhe found her ſpirits ſo much enlivened by the exertion, that ſhe was able to meet her father with a compoſed countenance, and to aſſure him of her determination to ſubdue her ſorrow.

The next morning ſhe aroſe at a very early hour, and taking her ſiſter Matilda by the hand, who was three years younger than herſelf, ſhe reſolved to viſit her mother's penſioners, and by a regular attention to their wants and miſeries, prevent them if poſſible, from ſuffering by their loſs.—The firſt cottage ſhe entered, belonged to an old woman, whoſe ſon had once taken the care of her father's cows, but who had been obliged to reſign the employment, from a violent attack of the tertian ague. The amiable Mrs. Hammerſly, notwithſtanding er own illneſs, had been regular in her attention to the poor boy's; and by a ſkilful method of adminiſtering the bark, had almoſt conquered the obſtinate diſeaſe. A

neglect

neglect of this accuſtomed care and attention, had nearly been fatal to the unfortunate boy, and when Caroline enquired into the ſtate of his health, ſhe was informed he had been at the point of death.

"Indeed Miſs," ſaid the mother, with a deep-drawn ſigh, whilſt her tears proved the ſincerity of the aſſertion, "I thought I ſhould have loſt my poor George, and God knows now, whether I ſhall be able to rear him? the want of the ſtuff which my dear lady had given him, made his naſty ague return again; and when I went to the vicarage to beg for more, they were all in too much trouble to liſten to my complaints. And for the matter of that, well enough they might; for though all the village are grieving at her death, their ſorrow can be nothing to that of her own family, who always, as one may ſay, were cheered by her preſence, and had the bleſſing of enjoying her angelic company! *Angelic*, God knows I may well call it, for if ever

ever there was a *ſaint* upon earth, indeed Miſs, it was your dear Mama!"

This eulogium to the merits of her deceaſed parent, was gratifying to the heart of the amiable Caroline, who felt the ſevereſt ſenſations of ſelf-reproach, for having neglected the object of her mother's attention. "I will go home," ſaid ſhe, "directly, neighbour Goodchild, and prepare the medicine in leſs than half an hour, and regret moſt ſincerely that my own affliction ſhould have rendered me inattentive to poor George's ſufferings."

As Caroline was quitting this abode of diſeaſe, another of her mother's penſioners happened to paſs, who after wiping away her tears with one corner of her apron, tremulouſly enquired after his reverence's health.

"God bleſs his honour," ſaid the enfeebled old woman, "and ſupport him in this day of *affliction* and *diſtreſs*? we have all reaſon to mourn with him, and none greater than

than poor Betty Fleetwood! never ſhall I forget when ſhe firſt came into my little cottage; it is thirteen years next Eaſter Sunday, and I was making my dinner upon water-gruel. 'Are you *ill*, my *good woman?*' ſaid the dear angel of a lady, 'or why do not you get ſomething *better* for your dinner?' 'No, an pleaſe your ladyſhip, I be'ant ill,' I replied, 'but I am a *poor widow*, and can't afford to *pay* for *butchers meat*.' 'Well, my good woman,' ſaid ſhe, in a voice of pity, 'you ſhall always for the future have a good dinner on a *Sunday*:' and as ſure as I live ſhe went directly to her butcher's, and ordered him every Saturday night to ſend me two pounds of meat, and from that time to the day of her death, I never taſted a drop of *water-gruel* on a *Sunday*."

Caroline's heart again *reproached* her, ſhe felt that by yielding to an unavailing ſorrow for the *dead*, ſhe had been unmindful of the duties which ſhe owed the *living*; but unable

ble to expreſs the acuteneſs of her ſenſations, ſhe ſhook the poor creature by the hand, and penſively retired. George's medicine was inſtantly prepared, and ſo refined were the ſenſations ſhe derived from the practice of benevolence, that her ſorrow and affliction gradually decreaſed, and ſhe entirely regained her accuſtomed cheerfulneſs. Her duty to her father, her affection towards her ſiſters, and her attention to every object in diſtreſs, ſoon became the ſubject of univerſal converſation, and ſo highly was ſhe reſpected for her amiable qualities, that all the young men in the neighbourhood wiſhed to obtain her for a wife.

Amongſt the number of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves her admirers, was a young man of the name of Beverley, whoſe elegance of perſon, and ſweetneſs of manners, ſtrongly recommended him to the favour of the fair, and Caroline's heart acknowledged their influence.

Her

Her father with pain beheld the impreſſion, for he was nò ſtranger to the licentiouſneſs of her lover's principles; and with all the zeal ſuch a knowledge could occaſion, conjured her to baniſh his image from her remembrance. "If he was *worthy* of *poſſeſſing you*, my beloved girl," ſaid the attached and liberal-minded father, "his want of fortune ſhould not for a moment bias my ſentiments; but when I know that he is devoid of *principle*, and that his licentiouſneſs can only be equalled by his hypocriſy, can I conſent to make him the guardian of your peace? no, my Caroline, though I ſhould rejoice in your union with a man of probity, I muſt oppoſe your marriage with a profeſſed libertine."

Caroline's heart ſunk within her: and in ſpite of her veneration for her father's judgment, ſhe could nòt avoid thinking him cruel and ſevere! whilſt ſhe was indulging theſe reflections, the image of her mother was preſented to her mind, and the

awful words ſhe had uttered on her death bed, impreſſed her ſoul with a ſenſation of horror!

"Oh my beloved mother! ſaid the agitated girl, "ſave your child from participating in your misfortunes! teach her to bow ſubmiſſive to her father's will, and to conſign her happineſs wholly to his power!" after having uttered this pathetic ejaculation, her mind gradually became compoſed; and immediately haſtening into the preſence of her father, ſhe aſſured him of her readineſs to ſubmit to his deciſion.

A little exertion on the part of Caroline, ſoon enabled her to conquer this ill placed attachment, and in a few months after Mr. Beverley's diſmiſſal, ſhe received propoſals from a young man of the firſt diſtinction. His manners and perſon were by no means prepoſſeſſing, but his head and heart were univerſally admired; and his attachment was at once ſo delicate and refined, that a heart ſo ſuſceptible of tenderneſs as Caroline's,

roline's, muſt, *in time*, have acknowledged and felt its force. Her father was delighted at the proſpect of her felicity, though he felt mortified at obſerving her indifference to it, and could ſcarcely help condemning the coldneſs of her conduct towards a man who merited her warmeſt approbation.

Mr. Pearcy, however, felt perfectly ſatisfied, from a conviction that he ſhould be able to ſecure her affections; and before they had been married ſix months, ſhe declared her felicity was incapable of increaſe. During that time, Beverley was involved in a diſpute, and having conducted himſelf in a manner ſo unbecoming a gentleman, that he received a challenge from the party he had inſulted; and, not being a perfect maſter of the ſword, fell a victim to his arrogance, inſolence, and folly.

"Well, mama," ſaid St. Julian, "is not *that* a *pretty ſtory?* and is it not lucky that Caroline did not marry Mr. Beverley? for ſhe would have been a widow, you know,

in leſs than ſix months, and have had the miſery of incurring her father's diſpleaſure."

"Yes, my loved boy," replied the marchioneſs, "it is always *lucky* when children have ſufficient reliance upon the affection of their parents, to ſuffer them to guide and direct their actions; for, though numberleſs are the misfortunes which human nature muſt encounter, we ſeldom hear of any that are occaſioned by a parent's want of judgment. Solicitude and anxiety for the welfare of their children, induce them to view every object with a penetrating eye; and inſtead of being blinded by *partiality* or *prejudice*, they obſerve them through the medium of *diſcrimination* and *juſtice*."

The marchioneſs was prevented from purſuing her remarks, by Marianne declaring ſhe was quite *tired of work*; and as two or three hours were always devoted to *exerciſe*, her ſiſter was deſired to lay her's aſide, and they received their mother's permiſſion to walk to the farm.

CHAPTER VII.

"HOW did you like that ſtory, Alexandrine?" ſaid St. Julian, taking his ſiſter by the arm; "for my part, I think Miſs Fitzoſborn's hiſtory a thouſand times more entertaining than *that*."

"And ſo do I, my dear St. Julian; but then, you know, we are acquainted with Miſs Fitzoſborn, and that makes us feel more intereſted in her ſtory: beſides, every body muſt be hurt at ſuch inhuman conduct, unleſs their hearts were as hard as iron. And as to that brother of her's, *I deteſt* his *name;* though perhaps my papa would be angry if I made uſe of the expreſſion."

"Oh, I was reading, Alexandrine, of ſuch an *affectionate brother*, in one of the Engliſh books which Lord P—— ſent my father, that you would have been quite delighted at his conduct! Yes, he was what I call a *brother indeed!* and loved his brother as much as I love my Alexandrine."

Here St. Julian embraced his ſiſter with tenderneſs, by way of evincing the affection he had profeſſed; and whilſt ſhe warmly returned the proof of his regard, ſhe deſired him to tell her the intereſting tale. The marquis, however, at that time joined them; and St. Julian requeſted him to tell the ſtory.

FRATERNAL JUSTICE.

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Glanville, who poſſeſſed a very large eſtate, was extremely attached to both his ſons; but the elder proved himſelf unworthy of his tenderneſs, by launching into every ſpecies of folly and extravagance.

The father in vain remonſtrated againſt his conduct, and expatiated upon the miſery which muſt reſult from ſuch proceedings; but inſtead of its producing a ſymptom of reformation, he appeared more eager in the purſuit of vice. Finding that neither tenderneſs nor intreaties could prevail, the diſappointed parent adopted a different plan, and aſſured his prodigal ſon, unleſs he relinquiſhed his vicious pleaſures, the whole of his eſtates ſhould devolve to his younger brother.

Blinded by the love of pleaſure and diſſipation, the thoughtleſs young man ſtill purſued his mad career; and, neither ſubdued

dued by *fear*, nor ſoftened by *tenderneſs*, plunged ſtill deeper into the gulph of vice.

The parental fondneſs of an attached parent at length yielded to this daring conduct; and the eſtates, which he fancied himſelf ſecure of poſſeſſing, Mr. Glanville left to his younger ſon. The death of a parent ſo indulgent and ſo kind, was a ſudden ſhock to this young man's feelings; and the reflection of having ſhortened his valuable exiſtence, was an eternal ſource of *miſery* and *diſquiet*. *Pleaſure* no longer had the power to *pleaſe*, and his heart was the ſeat of ſorrow and repentance! His companions in diſſipation he would no longer behold, as he attributed to them his perſeverance in iniquity. The loſs of his eſtates he regarded with indifference; yet, as they evinced the ſtrength of his father's diſpleaſure, they even became matters of importance. His whole conduct underwent a change, and his former vices were deteſted and abhorred.

Amongſt

Amongſt the number of his friends who were delighted at the alteration, none appeared ſo rejoiced at it as his amiable brother, who, by way of celebrating an event ſo productive of felicity, invited him and all his relations to partake of a feaſt. The entertainment was at once hoſpitable and ſplendid; and, after a variety of diſhes having been removed, he deſired *one* to be placed before his brother, of which no one elſe was permitted to partake.

Though the elder Glanville might think it a proof of his brother's *affection*, he could not conſider it as a mark of his *politeneſs*; but, uncovering the diſh with a careleſs kind of curioſity, how muſt he have been ſurpriſed at obſerving it contained nothing but old parchments!

"Thoſe," ſaid the young man, "are the *Title Deeds of* YOUR ESTATES; and in reſtoring them, my dear brother, I am perſuaded I fulfil our father's wiſhes. Your *vices* were the means

means of their being wreſted from you, and your preſent *virtues* prove they ought to be reclaimed. Had my father been alive, the gratification would have been *his*; but *I* enjoy it, as being *his* repreſentative."

The whole company applauded the diſintereſted action; and the two brothers were ever after the tendereſt of friends.

"That, really, is a very pretty ſtory," ſaid Alexandrine, "and I am much obliged to you, papa, for having told it me."

"What ſtory has he told you?" exclaimed Marianne, who had been running up the mountain during the recital; "I think you might have ſtaid until I came to you, for you know how much I love to hear a pretty ſtory; and I am ſure, Alexandrine, if you had told papa ſo, he would have ſtaid until I had joined you."

"Indeed,

"Indeed, Marianne, you are very much miſtaken," replied the marquis; "for when I perceive perſons *demand*, what they ought to *ſolicit*, I make it a rule never to comply; and, as you ſeem to have ſuch an imperfect idea of an *indulgence*, you muſt acquire a better knowlege before you make me a requeſt. But," continued he, "I perceive you are going to the farmer's; and, as I am returning home, I wiſh you a good day."

Marianne with difficulty reſtrained her tears; and both St. Julian and Alexandrine, perceiving her agitation, endeavoured to convince her ſhe had not ſeriouſly offended, but that the marquis's diſpleaſure was ſo ſlight and tranſient, that he would forget even the *cauſe* before their return. Cheered by an aſſurance ſo anxiouſly deſired, the appearance of diſtreſs was inſtantly diſperſed; and, begging Alexandrine's forgiveneſs for the rudeneſs of her ſpeech, ſhe ran jumping

jumping before them until they arrived at the farmer's.

As they entered a room where the family were aſſembled, they heard a countrywoman exclaim, "Aye, I thought how their pride would end! Such a pack of poor upſtart ſhentry as comes into our country now-a-days, I pelief never was ſeen pefore; and, Cot knows, I dare ſay they have not a pit of pedigree to ſhow, half as long as your thread-paper, neighbour Johnſon!"

"No," replied Mrs. Johnſon, "it is a proof they have no *pedigree*, or they need not have made themſelves of *conſequence* by their PRIDE; for wherever, neighbour Jones, there is real *gentility*, you never ſee its poſſeſſor either *haughty* or *overbearing*; but, however, I cannot help feeling ſorry for their misfortunes; though, as a body may ſay, they have brought them on themſelves."

"Who,

"Who, my dear Mrs. Johnſon, is that unfortunate perſon for whom you ſeem to feel ſo much compaſſion?" ſaid St. Julian; "for if my father can be of any ſervice to them, I am ſure he will go to them directly."

"Oh, God bleſs his honour! that he would, I know, and I wiſh all the French had hearts like his; things would have been in a different ſituation, and you, ſir, might have been ſnug in your papa's *princely palace*. Yes, Mrs. Caterine has told me what a *fine place it was*, and I am ſure my heart bleeds, when I think of what he is *come to*."

"*Come to*! Mrs. Johnſon," replied the noble-minded boy—"why, is not the marquis now, *as great a man, as ever? greatneſs*, you know, does not conſiſt in riches; that my papa has always taught me—and though we have fewer ſervants to wait upon and attend, us; we have the pleaſure of knowing we can take care of ourſelves—I ſhall ſoon be ſtrong enough to drive a plough,

and then I ſhall fancy myſelf as *great as Cincinnatus!*—Did you never hear of that fine *old Roman?*"

"Dear St. Julian," ſaid Alexandrine, "I wiſh you would not talk to Mrs. Johnſon about the *Romans*, but let us hear the account of the poor creatures who are unfortunate."

"Law miſs," ſaid the woman who had firſt named them, "they be'ant worth your troubling yourſelf about; for if ever a poor perſon happened to come in their way, they looked juſt for all the world as if they were *fectious*, and were not made of fleſh and blood like themſelves—but their pride has at laſt had a *downfall*, and I believe there is hardly a perſon in the county, except neighbour Johnſon, who will ſay they *care for it.*"

Here the good woman took her leave, muttering, as ſhe went, that pride had had its *downfall*; and at the interceſſion of her young gueſts, Mrs. Johnſon undertook to gratify their curioſity.

PRIDE

PRIDE DEBASED, OR ARROGANCE DEGRADED.

"I am but a *bad hand* at telling a ſtory," ſaid the obliging creature, "but I will do my beſt to entertain you, and as the ſaying is, I dare ſay, young ladies, you will be kind enough to take the *will* for the *deed*.

About two miles from your papa's old caſtle, there is an eſtate which belongs to Sir Watkin Williams, but as he has a great many fine houſes, and can only live in one at a time, why of courſe, young gentlefolks, he *lets* the reſt. Well, it is now, I think, about three years ago, or perhaps it may be four, but that you know has nothing to do with the ſtory. However, there comes down a fine gentleman and lady in a fine coach, and hires of our Sir Watkin, *Car-*

narvon Hall, which is the name of the houſe where this great family lived. Soon after, there comes all their children, and their ſervants in ſuch a ſight of carriages as you never ſee. All the poor folks were quite pleaſed at the news, and fancied that people ſo *rich* could not fail of being *generous*; but they ſoon found themſelves ſadly miſtaken, as you ſhall hear, my ſweet young gentlefolks.

Poor Margery Williams, as good a kind of woman as ever drew chriſtian breath, had been ſadly ill for ſeveral months before this great ſquire comed down to the Hall, and as ſhe was too bad to work, ſhe was not likely to be able to get money to pay her rent, and her hard-hearted landlord made no more ado, but ſends a couple of bailiffs into the houſe, with orders to take the very bed from under her. The poor creature, terrified at the thought of being ſtripped of all that belonged to her, ran directly to the Hall, in the hopes of making a friend of

the

he ſquire or his lady. Juſt as ſhe got to the Hall door, who ſhould ſhe ſee coming out, but Miſs Roſamond, which is the name of the ſecond daughter, a young lady much about your age, Miſs Alexandrine, but no more to be compared to you, than a *honey-ſuckle* is to a *nettle*. Well, Miſs, ſo Margery Williams goes directly up to her, and as well as ſhe was able to ſpeak for the grief that over-powered her, tells her the whole of her ſtory, and a ſad one, it was, God knows; and begged of her only to ſpeak to her papa or mama in her behalf, as ſhe was afraid of offending them by taking ſo great a liberty. 'I am ſurpriſed,' ſaid the ſcornful girl, with a toſs of her head, 'how a creature ſo far beneath the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Pompous, ſhould preſume to ſuppoſe they would condeſcend to interfere in an affair that would ſo completely degrade them! for my part, I aſſure you, I ſhall not think of troubling them upon the buſineſs. I would adviſe you to make your

eſcape as ſoon as poſſible, for if once my brother Adolphus, or his dog Towſer were to ſee you, I ſhould not think your ſituation would be very deſirable; for Adolphus always ſays that hunting an *old woman*, is even *finer ſport* than *hunting* a *Stag*, and I promiſe you it is what he often practiſes.'

Whilſt poor Margery Williams was in vain making her complaints to Miſs Roſamond, I was aſking a favour from her elder ſiſter; for ſoon after the ſquire's arrival at the Hall, my huſband adviſed me to wait upon his lady, to let us have her cuſtom for butter and eggs, as he uſed to ſay the *king himſelf* might eat of my butter without any *diſpargement* to his majeſty's taſte—but that, you know, young gentle-folks, was neither here, nor there; I went as was my duty, when my good man ſaid he wiſhed it. Well, I dreſſed myſelf in the very laſt gown poor dear Mr. Fitzoſborn ever gave me; and as I had been uſed to go before as great people as ever ſquire Pompous could be,

be, why ye ſee I did not feel ſo aſhamed as I ſhould have done if I had never lived in a gentleman's family, and begged to ſpeak with madam upon very particular buſineſs. The footmen, who, by the bye, were as proud as their maſter, looked at me juſt for all the world as if I had been a wild beaſt, and went jeering away without ſo much as aſking me to ſit down. However after waiting near an hour, one of them came and told me his lady was too ill to ſee any one, but that if my buſineſs was of any *conſequence*, Miſs Pompous was in the drawing-room and would hear it. You muſt needs think I felt glad of the opportunity of making my requeſt, and followed the powdered puppy through a number of fine apartments, before I came to the one where the young lady was ſitting. I ſoon told her the nature of my buſineſs, and aſſured her that no one ſhould ſerve the family either cheaper or better than my huſband, if ſhe would be ſo kind as to aſk my lady for her cuſtom.

cuſtom. When, would you believe it, young gentlefolks, ſhe began right down to abuſe me, and called me a *preſumptuous ignorant Welſh Boor*, for pretending to trouble her about what only belonged to the *cook* or *houſekeeper*. For my part I felt ready to ſink into the earth, and got out of the room as faſt as my legs could carry me. Juſt as I got to the Hall-door, who ſhould I ſee but poor Margery Williams, with her eyes ſwelled and ready to drop out of her head, her heart almoſt breaking with grief and diſappointment. I was ſo ſhocked to ſee her in ſuch a ſad ſituation, that I reſolved to aſk my huſband to become her friend, and no ſooner had he heard the whole ſtory, than he went to her landlord and paid the rent, and gave her a couple of guineas into the bargain.'

"O what a good man!" exclaimed Alexandrine, "but what did Miſs Pompous ſay to ſuch friendly conduct? I think it muſt have made her aſhamed of her own behaviour, when a perſon ſo much her inferior

rior in *fortune*, proved himself so much her *superior* in *generosity*."

"Why as to that, Miss, you know there is many a generous heart lodged in a *lowly dwelling*, and many a *mean one* found in a sumptuous *palace*; but that has nothing to do with the present tale; my husband had more pleasure in obliging poor Margery Williams, than she could have had in receiving the obligation, and so, as he said, they were both quits.

Well, young gentlefolks, you must needs think that the treatment our poor neighbour had received, was enough to prevent any one else from applying at the Hall, if any distress happened to them; and I am sure if they had done it, no soul would have been relieved; for even the scum milk and cabbages were given to the pigs, to prevent poor folks from being benefited by them. As to the young squire Adolphus, he was even worse than any of his sisters, for he used to break down the farmers fences, ride

over

over their corn, and in ſhort, did more miſchief than I can relate; and if one had courage enough to complain of him to his father, they were ſure to get nothing but abuſe for their damages. In this way they went on for better than three years, till their very name was dreaded by all the people in the neighbourhood; when, all at once, we heard their ſervants were diſcharged, and that the whole family had ſet off for London in the night. And ſure enough this was the caſe, for the old gentleman, who was always fond of gambling, loſt, in one night, a matter of *ſixty thouſand pounds!* and to make the matter the more ſhocking, he then took a piſtol and put an end to his life."

At the cloſe of this ſpeech the marchioneſs entered, for the children has been abſent ſo much beyond the uſual time, that ſhe began to feel apprehenſive for their ſafety.

"Oh mama," exclaimed Marianne, "we

"we have juſt heard ſuch a pretty ſtory, I wiſh you had been here a little ſooner." It had a very *melancholy* concluſion, my love, I am ſure; or I would rather have ſaid a very *alarming one*; for even to hear of a fellow creature having temerity enough to dare preſumptuouſly to ruſh into the preſence of his Maker, carries ſomething with it ſo alarming and terrific, that it is impoſſible to avoid trembling, even at the recital."

"So it does, mama;" ſaid St. Julian; "and he was ſuch a ſhocking *proud unfeeling man*, that he could have nothing to recommend him to the mercy of the Almighty."

"Never, St. Julian," replied the marchioneſs in a tone of diſpleaſure, "let me hear you venture to limit the mercies and forgiveneſs of an all gracious God. Though we are taught to *abhor* the very name of *ſuicide*, we are likewiſe taught to deſpiſe the perſon who judges *uncharitably*."

"I am ſure, I do not mean to judge

uncharitably

uncharitably, mama; but if you had heard the ſtory which Mrs. Johnſon has related, you would have a very bad opinion of that wicked man; for he not only refuſed to give any thing to the poor, but ſuffered his children to inſult, and treat them with cruelty; and if any poor old woman happened to beg alms, his eldeſt ſon would ſet his dog Towſer upon her."

"Indeed, my lady, it is *very true*," ſaid Mrs. Johnſon, "and if people like thoſe were to expect to go to *heaven*, why the world, I am ſure, would be over-run with *vice*, for the fear of puniſhment will often deter, when the ſenſe of ſhame has loſt its effect."

Though the marchioneſs was convinced of the juſtice of Mrs. Johnſon's obſervations, yet ſhe wiſhed to impreſs the minds of her children with univerſal tenderneſs and philanthrophy; and, inſtead of giving them an ill opinion of that world in which they once were likely to make a *conſpicuous fi-*

gure

gure, ſhe endeavoured to repreſent it as being peopled with amiable characters, and though ſhe ſometimes tinged it with a ſable ſhade, it appeared merely for the purpoſe of making the brighter parts conſpicuous. Inſtead therefore of replying to the aſperſion, ſhe merely ſaid, "well, my good friend, though you may have a bad opinion of the world in general, and think it is only a *dread* of *puniſhment* that deters the greater part of it from the practice of vice, I am inclined to believe you act from a much better motive, and, that it is from an innate ſentiment of virtue and principle in your own breaſt, that I have ſo often had reaſon to admire the rectitude and probity of your conduct." So ſaying, the marchioneſs wiſhed her good morning, and the family all returned to the caſtle.

CHAPTER VIII.

Scarcely had the cloth been removed from the dinner table, when the whole family were aſtoniſhed and ſurpriſed by the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Johnſon, who without even waiting for the ceremony of having her name announced, ran breathleſs into the room, holding in her hand an unſealed letter. "Here, my dear young lady, is joyful news!" ſaid ſhe, extending the hand which contained the letter. "Thank God, I have lived to ſee this day!" but I thought, continued ſhe, "that a jaſt

a juſt and merciful God would never ſuffer ſuch wickedneſs as that, to go unpuniſhed. No, no, *right*, as the ſaying is, conquers *might!*"

How long ſhe would have proceeded in this ſtrain, is a matter of uncertainty, had not the marquis impatiently interrupted her with enquiries into the nature of the circumſtance which ſeemed to afford her ſo much happineſs; when putting the following letter into his hand, ſhe threw her arms around Miſs Fitzoſborn's neck, and abſolutely wept from an exceſs of joy.

To Mrs. Johnſon.

Mrs. Johnſon,

"The hopes we entertain that the amiable Miſs Fitzoſborn has found that aſylum in her foſter-mother's arms, which was denied her by her unnatural parent, has induced me to ſend a meſſenger expreſs for the purpoſe of intreating you to accompany that much injured girl immediately to England, where ſhe will be received with

the warmeſt proofs of affection, by a friend who has always ſympathiſed in her misfortunes, though wholly ignorant of their *extent* and ſeverity.

It is neceſſary Miſs Fitzoſborn ſhould know the total alteration which has taken place in her affairs, ſince the ſhort period of her departure from England; and therefore, I ſhall begin by telling you that the moment her abſence was diſcovered, the ſervant who was acceſſary to her eſcape, was turned out of doors, and terrified at the threats of her miſtreſs, ſought ſhelter from them under my protection. The accounts this poor creature gave me of the treatment the amiable girl had for ſeveral months received, called forth my ſympathy, and rouſed my indignation, and impelled me to become her avenger—for this purpoſe I ſent for a gentleman of the higheſt eminence in the profeſſion of the Law, gave him an exact ſtatement of the whole affair, and had the ſatisfaction of receiving an aſ-

ſurance

ſurance of recovering the whole property which had been ſo unjuſtly taken from my young friend. Scarcely had I obtained this intelligence, when I received an unexpected ſummons to attend the dying requeſt of the ill adviſed young man, whoſe conduct to his ſiſter had rendered him the deteſtation of the whole neighbourhood.

Shocked at the retroſpect of his paſt indignities, and ſolicitous to make all the atonement for them in his power, he openly avowed the fraudulent meaſures which had been adopted to deprive his ſiſter of her lawful inheritance, and conjured me to receive the title deeds from his hands, and preſerve them in ſafety for the uſe of the much injured girl; apprehending that after his death his mother might ſtill detain that property which of right belonged only to her. His penitence at that awful moment appeared equal to the magnitude of his crimes, and I hope was ſufficient to atone for them.

Mrs. Fitzoſborn was inconſolable for his loſs, and the violence of her affliction, united to a natural irritability of temper, ſoon brought on a nervous fever, from which the phyſicians pronounce her recovery impoſſible; and all that ſhe appears to wiſh to live for is, to receive the forgiveneſs of her injured child. Haſten then, my worthy Mrs. Johnſon, the departure of the amiable girl, that ſhe may have the power of convincing her repentant parent, that the generoſity of her ſentiments can only be equalled by the goodneſs of her heart; and that ſhe is capable of forgiving the moſt unprovoked injuries, and ready to pardon the moſt oppreſſive tyranny. Offer the dear girl my warmeſt congratulations upon the unexpected change in her affairs, and believe me,

Worthy Mrs. Johnſon,

Yours, very ſincerely

Matilda Melmoth.

"I will

"I will fly to her this inſtant," ſaid the amiable girl, juſt as the marquis had concluded the letter; "and if, by my attention and filial duty, I can aſſuage the anguiſh of diſeaſe, or leſſen the pangs of a reproving conſcience, I ſhall experience a moſt exquiſite and refined gratification: for though it is impoſſible for the human heart to be capable of returning affection for unkindneſs, or tenderneſs for cruelty, yet I have always been inclined to attribute the treatment I received from my mother, rather to the miſtaken method which was adopted in her education, than to a real depravity of nature."

"Aye, God bleſs your generous heart," replied Mrs. Johnſon, "you always, from a child, tried to make excuſes for her conduct, though all the world was crying *ſhame* on her; but, thank God, her wickedneſs is nearly at an end, and ſhe will no longer be able either to be *cruel* or *unkind!*"

The marchioneſs prevented the attached creature from proceeding, by obſerving, "that, however deſpicable Mrs. Fitzoſborn muſt have appeared in the eyes of herſelf, and every individual; yet the deplorable ſituation to which ſhe was reduced, rendered her an object of pity and compaſſion; and that, inſtead of reminding Miſs Fitzoſborn of the injuries ſhe had received, it would be more praiſe-worthy in her to endeavour to leſſen the remembrance of them."

This delicate and refined way of thinking was what Mrs. Johnſon did not perfectly comprehend; yet, as ſhe perceived by the marchioneſs's manner of expreſſion that ſhe had incurred her diſpleaſure by her antipathy againſt Mrs. Fitzoſborn, ſhe made every reparation in her power, by aſſuring the marchioneſs, ſhe owed her miſtreſs no *ill-will*, except for her *cruelty* to her amiable young lady.

As no carriage could be procured within ſome diſtance of the caſtle, and the amiable girl

girl was anxious to begin her journey, it was determined that they ſhould go the firſt ſtage in the farmer's little cart, and that the marquis ſhould be their conductor until they procured a poſt-chaiſe. The marchioneſs took leave of her young friend with regret, though ſhe was too much intereſted in her welfare not to rejoice at the cauſe; but the children, who had promiſed themſelves much felicity in her ſociety, were unable to repreſs either their tears or complaints, and declared they would rather not have known Miſs Fitzoſborn, than that ſhe ſhould have left them at the moment they were growing ſo fond of her ſociety.

"I had flattered myſelf," ſaid the marchioneſs, "you loved Miſs Fitzoſborn too *diſintereſtedly*, not to have rejoiced at an event which muſt promote her felicity; for though we ſhould have found her company greatly enliven the drearineſs of our preſent ſolitude, yet ſhe will derive ſo much advantage from the change, that it would be

be ſelfiſh in us to repine at it; and a generous mind will always prefer the happineſs of its friend to the illiberal conſideration of perſonal enjoyment."

The children ſeemed incapable of comprehending ſuch diſintereſtedneſs, and therefore did not attempt making any reply; and as the marchioneſs ſeverely felt the loſs of her young companion, in ſpite of the philoſophy of her own ſentiments, ſhe wiſhed to indulge her regret in ſolitude; and deſiring they would retire into Caterine's apartment, reſolved to gratify herſelf with a ſolitary ramble.

Dejected at the loſs ſhe had ſo recently ſuſtained, and reflecting upon thoſe misfortunes which time had made familiar, ſhe found herſelf impelled to proceed beyond her accuſtomed walk; and, aſcending the ſide of the majeſtic Snowden, her mind was highly gratified by the ſublimity of the ſcene; and all perſonal afflictions were at that moment obliterated by the ſtupendous objects which were preſented to her view.

The LITTLE GOATHERD; *or*, FATAL FALSEHOOD.

FROM admiring the beauties of the objects around her, ſhe was ſuddenly attracted by the voice of complaint; and turning to ſee from whence it had proceeded, ſhe beheld a little goatherd extended near the bottom of the hill. With an emotion of compaſſion for the boy's ſituation, the marchioneſs deſcended with rapid ſteps; and as ſhe drew nearer the object of her ſolicitude, his complaints became louder and more vociferous.

"For heaven's ſake, Madam, call for help; for I am ſure I ſhall be dead in a few moments: for, if I was to lay ſcreaming here until twelve o'clock at night, none of my companions would come near me, I have ſo often made them believe I was ſadly hurt! Oh!

Oh! I ſhall die! I ſhall die! and what will become of me? for, indeed, I have been a very wicked boy!"

The marchioneſs now approached the repentant ſinner, and beheld the cauſe of his anguiſh and apprehenſion; for he had fractured his leg in ſo terrible a manner, that one end of the bone was forced through the ſtocking, and the torture he endured muſt have been extreme.

"My poor child!" ſaid the marchioneſs, in a tone of compaſſion, "how long have you remained in that agonizing ſituation? and how happens it that your companions have all driven home their goats, without enquiring the reaſon you could not attend them?"

"Oh, Madam! it was becauſe I was always playing them tricks; and I have ſo often made them believe ſome accident had befallen me, that neither my tears nor cries could perſuade them I was hurt; but they drove

drove home their goats, believing mine would follow; and I am ſure I have lain here at leaſt four hours."

The marchioneſs endeavoured to ſuſtain his fortitude by telling him that he ſhould be removed to her abode, that a ſurgeon ſhould be ſent for, who would cure his fracture, and that herſelf and children would become his nurſes.

With this aſſurance the poor creature ſeemed relieved; and the marchioneſs, anxious to procure him ſome aſſiſtance, made the utmoſt diſpatch towards the caſtle. She had not proceeded above two hundred yards, when her ears were accoſted with a vociferous ſound, and "*Jeremy!* I ſay, *Jeremy!* bring home the goats," reſounded repeatedly through the plain.

At length, perceiving the perſon from whom the voice iſſued, the marchioneſs beckoned him to approach; and deſcribing the misfortune ſhe had juſt beheld, con-

cluded by enquiring whether he thought *Jeremy* had *received it?*

"O lack-a-day! my lady, 'tis certainly him," ſaid the man, in a tone of grief and vexation. "And ſure enough that boy has been more plague to me than all my *own* children put together! but I promiſed his mother, when ſhe was dying, to take care of him; and it ſhall never be ſaid that Phelim O'Connor was accuſed of breaking his word, to a perſon who is dead."

The marchioneſs admired the rectitude of Paddy's ſentiments, though there was a ſlight ſketch of his country in the manner of expreſſing them; and, after deſcribing the ſpot in which poor Jeremy had fallen, ſhe left him to procure additional aſſiſtance, and to ſend to the neighbouring village for medical advice.

The moment St. Julian heard of the misfortune, he offered to run for the ſurgeon's aſſiſtance; but, as he could not ſpeak Engliſh with

with the correctneſs of his parents, the marchioneſs was fearful he might not be underſtood, therefore deſired him to requeſt farmer Johnſon to accompany him, and deſcribe the poor boy's ſufferings in the moſt affecting light.

Whilſt St. Julian flew to the farmer's to ſolicit aſſiſtance, his ſiſters accompanied the marchioneſs to the ſpot where Jeremy lay, whoſe pain had ariſen to ſuch an exceſs, that his ſcreams might have been heard near a quarter of a mile. By the help of the marchioneſs, and the humane Caterine, he was carefully laid upon a ſmall mattraſs, whilſt Phelim ran to a neighbouring cottage, to requeſt the owner would help him to carry his nephew to the caſtle.

With much difficulty, and great pain, the unfortunate boy was removed; and the marchioneſs apprehended he would not live throughout the night, as his impatience brought on ſo high a fever, that a mortifi-

cation was a conſequence naturally to be expected.

The account which the farmer gave of the ſituation of the fracture, led the ſurgeon to believe the limb muſt be amputated; and, fortunately for the boy, he brought inſtruments with him, which enabled him to do it without loſs of time; for, as it was broke in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible to preſerve it, his exiſtence depended upon its being taken off.

For ſeveral days the poor boy's life was in danger, during which time he was attended by the hoſpitable owners of the caſtle with unremitting kindneſs and care; and though the children were not ſuffered to remain in the apartment, from an apprehenſion they might encourage the patient to converſe, they were twice a day permitted to enquire after his health; and the natural humanity of their diſpoſition was diſplayed in a thouſand tender actions towards him.

Not-

Notwithſtanding Jeremy had given his uncle ſo much trouble, he could not ſupport the idea of his loſs; and the moment he had ſecured his goats for the night, he regularly viſited the poor invalid, and ſlept on a mattraſs by the bedſide. One evening, when he arrived at the caſtle, he was informed that Jeremy was in a comfortable ſleep; and as St. Julian was anxious to know his hiſtory, he thought the opportunity was not to be loſt, and began enquiring how long he had been in Wales, and whether Jeremy's father, as well as mother, was dead?

"No, my dear honey," ſaid the honeſt creature, "he's no more dead than I am at this moment; at leaſt he never came to tell me ſo; and that is one of the reaſons why I love the boy: for when a parent can forget their own fleſh and blood, why then you know it is the duty of the next kin to take care of them; and though Jeremy has coſt me a world of trouble, I have made up my mind never to forſake him."

"You are right there, my good O'Connor," replied St. Julian; "but in what inſtance has poor Jeremy given you ſo much trouble? for I ſhould like to know his whole hiſtory."

"Well, my ſweet jewel, and ſo you ſhall: ſo here it begins, and a little bit of Phelim O'Connor's into the bargain."

"I ſuppoſe, by my brogue, that you think I am Iriſh; but I was born, my dear heart, in the city of London; though I was carried to Dublin before I could ſpeak; where I ſtáid, and got married to a pretty young laſs, who came to Dublin with a family who had once lived in Wales, and who was afterwards the means of my ſettling here. Though I was brought up in Ireland, I had a ſiſter who was left in the care of her relations in England; and, as I always heard ſhe was a good girl, I contrived to ſend my affection to the other ſide the Liffy, and loved her as well as if I had known her all my life. Poor dear Sally! I never think

think of her without tears; for ſhe was too good to have been thrown away upon a villain!—but, however, my honey, I muſt not talk about her, or you will fancy that O'Connor is going to turn child." Here the poor fellow began wiping his eyes; and after clearing his throat, to conquer his tenderneſs, he proceeded: "This unhappy girl was Jeremy's mother; and after ſuffering cruelly from her huſband's treatment, ſhe at length wrote me word of all ſhe endured. I longed for a pair of thoſe three-leagued boots which I uſed to read of, when a boy, in the Fairy Tales, that I might have been with her before my letter. I travelled, my dear jewel, night and day, and never cloſed my *eyes*, but when I fell *aſleep*; for I longed ſo to trounce the hard-hearted jackanapes, that I would not even give myſelf time to eat and drink upon the road. The fellow, however, eſcaped my vengeance, by having left the dear girl in a dying ſtate; and ſhe only lived long enough to commit Jeremy

to

to my care, and to beg of me to endeavour to ſupply her place.

The boy was then juſt five years old, and as full of miſchief as an egg is of meat; but the worſt of all is, he is a ſhocking *liar*; and I fear I ſhall never cure him of that vice: I can eaſily forgive a boyiſh prank; but an *untruth*, my dear honey, is a *dreadful crime*, and I am ſure deſerves puniſhing with ſeverity. He is continually playing his couſins ſome tricks, and always denies them when he is found out; and even this accident, which has proved ſo dreadful, was in a great meaſure owing to his telling of lies."

"I cannot conceive how that can be poſſible," ſaid St. Julian, "that a habit of *untruth* ſhould have any thing to do with his leg; do, pray, explain that matter to me."

"Why, you muſt know, my ſweet creature," replied O'Connor, "that Jeremy always uſed to be making his companions believe he had met with ſome accident, whilſt he

he was on the mountains tending the goats; and as ſure as they were at any diſtance from him, he would begin ſcreaming out, as if in violent pain: and, when they kindly ran to ſee what was the matter, would then burſt out a-laughing in their face. This trick he had played them ſo often, that they no longer attended to his ſcreams or cries; and upon climbing Snowden hill, in ſearch of the goats, his foot ſlipped, and he fell. By this accident he ſprained his ancle, and called loudly to his companions to help him to riſe; but they, believing it was merely a frolic, walked away without paying any attention to his cries. At length, tired of calling for aſſiſtance, he reſolved to make an attempt to walk; but the ancle giving way as ſoon as he aroſe, he again fell, and rolled down the hill, which made the bone force itſelf through the ſkin. Had they believed he had been hurt, and ran to his aſſiſtance, the ſecond accident would not have happened; therefore, young maſter, I am ſure you

you will allow that to *lying* alone it may be aſcribed."

By this time Jeremy had awoke, and had heard the latter part of his uncle's converſation; and, with all the force of penitence and contrition, promiſed never again to be guilty of the crime.

"Of what *crime*, my poor fellow!" ſaid the marquis, who had entered juſt as Jeremy made the declaration, "are you making ſuch reſolves not in future to be guilty? for I ſhould hope, at your age, you can have *few upon your conſcience;* and I think you had better not agitate your ſpirits, by reflecting upon errors to which *all* of us are *prone.*"

"No, my Lord," replied the worthy O'Connor, "I hope we are not all guilty of the ſame failings which had like to have proved fatal to Jeremy's life; for certainly *lying* is the moſt ſhocking practice that any boy can be guilty of; and I hope the eſcape he has lately had, will teach *him* to *conquer it.*"

"*Lying,*

"*Lying*, did you ſay!" exclaimed the marquis; "and has Jeremy accuſtomed himſelf to ſuch a *dreadful practice?* Well, St. Julian," continued he, turning to his ſon, "you ſee the conſequence of that degrading vice, and I truſt that you will take warning by it. I heard that Jeremy would never have met with the ſecond accident, had not his companions believed his complaints proceeded from a deſire to *deceive* them; but I fancied it was all ill-natured invention to excuſe their own inattention to his cries, until his uncle's declaration now convinces me that his ſufferings have been the effect of his own imprudence. Of all the vices incident to human nature, none has the power of ſo completely degrading it, as the ſhameful practice of deviating from *truth*, and ſubſtituting in its place *evaſion* and *deceit*; and I would puniſh a direct *falſehood* with greater ſeverity than any crime of which my children could be guilty."

"Indeed,

"Indeed, papa," ſaid St. Julian, "I do not recollect ever having told you a *direct ſtory*; though I ſometimes have contrived to get out of a ſcrape by the help of a little *innocent fineſſe*."

"And ſo, by the aid of what you term a little *innocent fineſſe*, you have added the crime of *deception* to the vice of *untruth*; and by thus accuſtoming your mind to artifice and deceit, are preparing yourſelf for becoming a finiſhed hypocrite."

This was an allegation St. Julian could not ſupport; and, riſing from his ſeat with an embarraſſed air, he precipitately ruſhed out of the room; and running haſtily to his own apartments, he threw himſelf on a chair, and burſt into tears.

Jeremy, who had liſtened to the marquis's converſation with every mark of attention and reſpect, conjured him not to be angry with the young count, whom he was certain would die of *vexation* and *grief*, unleſs he was immediately reſtored to favour.

The

The marquis remained inflexibly diſpleaſed at having heard his ſon avow the practice of *deception;* and, reſolving to puniſh ſo degrading a declaration, he ſent St. Julian orders not to quit his room. Jeremy's grief upon this occaſion broke out into the moſt violent complaints; and it was not until the marchioneſs promiſed to intercede for his favourite, that his uncle, or Caterine, were able to pacify him.

This inſtance of the marquis's anger againſt a child whom Jeremy thought abſolutely *faultleſs*, contributed more to cure him of the habit of telling ſtories, than the torture he had endured from the loſs of his limb. If it can be ſo *wicked*, thought Jeremy, only to excuſe a fault by a little artifice and deceit, what muſt it be to tell a *downright lie*, and blame *another* for *faults* of which *I* have been *guilty?* Oh dear, that muſt be a *ſhocking ſin!* yet I never thought ſo, till I broke my leg! and I am determined, let what will be the conſe-

quence, never to tell another lie—no, not if I was to do the moſt miſchievous thing in the world, and was ſure my uncle would break all my bones.

"Break all your bones!" ſaid Phelim O'Connor, who was ſitting by his bedſide when he formed this reſolution, and in the ſincerity of his heart expreſſed it aloud, without reflecting that any one was preſent—"Why, I would not hurt a hair of your head, my honey! no, not if it was cut off, and all laid upon the table. When you had the uſe of your *timbers**, and could run away from me when I thraſhed you, why a little diſcipline, now and then, could do you no harm; but now that you are weather-bound, or laid up in dock, as the ſailors ſay, why I would as ſoon raiſe my hand againſt a *woman* as touch *you*."

Jeremy felt the force of his uncle's delicacy, and, kiſſing the hand which he held between his own, promiſed never to do any thing that ſhould give him cauſe for anger, and

* A Sailor's term for *Legs*.

and again repeated his reſolution of ſtrictly adhering to the truth.

In leſs than a fortnight after this amiable reſolve, Jeremy was able to leave the hoſpitable manſion, where he had received ſo much kindneſs and attention; as his uncle could not bear to be ſeparated from him during the night, yet longed to return to the boſom of his family. The accident, which in itſelf appeared likely to have ſo melancholy a tendency, was conſidered by O'Connor as fortunate and providential; for Jeremy, from that period, never told a falſehood, or in the ſlighteſt inſtance attempted to deceive.

As ſoon as the wound was entirely healed, the marquis bought him a wooden leg; and he was capable of uſing it ſo very expertly, that he could run nearly as faſt as any other boy. It was not only to St. Julian that Jeremy's heart became attached; for he was no leſs grateful to both his ſiſters, and intreated his uncle's permiſſion to pre-

ſent them with a kid, as a teſtimony of his gratitude and affection; which they received at his hands with pleaſure and delight, and valued as an inſtance of humble friendſhip.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IX.

THOUGH the marquis was incapable of harbouring reſentment, and of courſe could not feel that paſſion towards a beloved child, yet he was ſo much hurt at finding he had attempted to *deceive him*, though the cauſe proceeded from a wiſh to eſcape *reproof*, that he treated his conduct with the ſtrongeſt marks of diſpleaſure; and though, at the marchioneſs's requeſt, her ſon was permitted to quit his apartment, the marquis behaved to him with a degree of coldneſs and indifference more afflictive to St. Julian than the ſevereſt cenſure.

It was in vain that he attempted to conciliate the affection of his father, or tried to make him forget the ſource of his diſpleaſure; an apathetic coldneſs chilled his overtures for reconciliation, and rendered St. Julian's efforts vain and ineffectual.

One afternoon, having exhauſted his rhetoric in endeavours to draw the marquis into converſation, without producing the deſired effect, he quitted the apartment dejected and diſpirited; and was inſtantly followed by his two ſiſters, who, participating in the ſorrow they perceived he ſuffered, kindly accompanied him to his chamber.

After diſcourſing upon the moſt likely means of obtaining the marquis's forgiveneſs, and promiſing to ſecure their mama's intereſt in his favour, they intreated him to read them ſome pretty ſtory, as the evening was too damp for them to venture out, and they thought it would baniſh his regret and chagrin.

St.

St. Julian, ever ready to comply with the requeſt of ſiſters whom he fondly loved, inſtantly opened the deſk which contained his little library, and was delighted at beholding a new book placed in it, which he had never ſeen before; and caſting his eyes eagerly over it, he obſerved one of the pages marked with a pencil in the marquis's hand-writing, which of courſe naturally arreſted his attention; but ſcarcely had he peruſed half a dozen lines, when his face was overſpread with a crimſon hue, and his countenance diſplayed a mixture of *ſhame* and *embarraſſment*.

"What is the matter, my dear brother?" exclaimed Alexandrine, in a voice of tenderneſs and apprehenſion: "Oh! do not aſk me, Alexandrine," replied St. Julian, running out of the room with the book in his hand, to conceal the effect which the few lines he had read produced in his mind.

This

This ſingular and enigmatic conduct was not calculated to remove the anxiety which either of the amiable girls experienced at the ſudden alteration in their brother's countenance; and whilſt they were endeavouring to aſſign a reaſon for it, the marquis unexpectedly entered the apartment.

"Oh! papa, my dear papa!" exclaimed Marianne, running up to her father, and embracing his knees; "you *muſt forgive* my poor St. Julian, indeed you *muſt*, or I am ſure he will *die of grief!* Yes, my dear, dear papa, you really will kill your own beloved boy, and you alſo will die with ſorrow!"

The marquis ſmiled at the fatality which the amiable child's affection for her brother had led her to believe inevitable; and, placing her with fondneſs upon his knee, enquired what had induced her to become ſo firm a champion in St. Julian's cauſe, and why ſhe had *demanded*, inſtead of *intreated* his *pardon*.

Alexandrine

Alexandrine then undertook to reply; and, after expatiating upon the mortification her brother had endured at finding himſelf no longer treated with confidence and affection by a parent whom he loved with the moſt filial tenderneſs, ſhe deſcribed his behaviour upon reading the new book, which he had unexpectedly found amongſt his collection, and conjured her father to explain the cauſe of an appearance ſo extraordinary and incomprehenſible.

"I am rejoiced, my dear girl," replied the marquis, "at finding, by St. Julian's penitence and contrition, that his errors have proceeded from want of reflection; and that he neither intentionally meant to *deceive*, or to impoſe upon my credulity by *artifice* and *deception*. A boyiſh irregularity, or a miſchievous exploit, I ſhould have cenſured with *mildneſs*, and treated with *lenity*; but the ſlighteſt appearance of cunning and duplicity, I felt it my duty to treat with rigour, and reprove with ſeverity; yet

yet I aſſure you I have ſuffered as much mortification as your brother has done, for this laſt fortnight paſt, from having adopted a coldneſs in my manner which was foreign to my feelings, but which I thought more likely to make a laſting impreſſion upon a boy of his diſpoſition, than if I had inflicted perſonal chaſtiſement upon him."

"Oh, my dear papa," ſaid both the children, in a voice, "how happy have you made us! and will you really love my brother juſt as well as if he had never offended you?"

"Yes," replied the marquis, "if I perceive that he never is guilty of the ſame fault again. A *firſt* offence may always expect to receive pardon, if the offender does not appear *hardened* and *impenitent*."

"But pray, papa, tell us what could be the reaſon of St. Julian's appearing ſo agitated, when he began reading one of the ſtories in his new book; for I am ſure he was juſt ready to cry, and only ran out of the

the room to prevent us from perceiving it."

"I rather think it proceeded from his imagining I was ſtill diſpleaſed at his late conduct; for the ſtory merely pointed out the ill effects of *lying*, without any forceable appeal either to his ſenſibility, or his feelings; but it is remarkably well told by an Engliſh writer, of the name of *Hawkeſworth*, whoſe literary publications have done honour to his memory."

"Oh, papa, then do *tell* it us; for it would be indelicate in us to aſk St. Julian to *read* it, after having ſeen how much it embarraſſed him."

The marquis commended them for judging ſo properly upon the occaſion, and began the ſtory in the following words.

The

The FORCE OF HABIT; *or, The Danger of bad Example.*

MENDACULUS, when a child, was remarkable for the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition and the affability of his manners, and conſtituted at once both the pride and happineſs of his parents: but as he increaſed in years, he began to throw off parental reſtraint, and, inſtead of aſſociating with thoſe boys whoſe purity of heart, and correctneſs of manners, would have rendered them pleaſing as well as inſtructive companions, he unfortunately attached himſelf to thoſe who were devoid of principle, and had his own perverted by the force of example, before he had perceived the danger with which he was ſurrounded.

Amidſt the various ill conſequences which reſulted from this aſſociation, and which gave the father of Mendaculus the moſt ſerious concern, was the dreadful habit he had

had acquired of deviating from the truth, and endeavouring to impoſe upon the credulity of others; until his name as a *ſtory-teller* became ſo *notorious*, that even the ſervants refuſed to credit his aſſertions, and no longer treated him either with politeneſs or reſpect. Mendaculus was mortified by the alteration in their behaviour, yet ſtill continued to practiſe his jokes upon them; and had not a circumſtance occurred which proved the folly of his conduct in a more impreſſive manner than all his father's precepts, he would have perſevered in a mode of conduct which rendered him truly deſpicable.

The principal amuſement which occupied this young man's attention, when abſent from his dangerous and unamiable companions, was the ſtudy of botany, and the practice of gardening; and as his father permitted him to indulge theſe propenſities without reſtraint, his collection of flowers was both beautiful and expenſive.

His bed of auriculas, in particular, was allowed to be ſuperior to any in the neighbourhood; and the pleaſure he derived from the praiſes which were beſtowed upon his ſkill in the management of them, amply compenſated for the trouble they had coſt.

Eager to behold theſe objects of delight, he conſtantly viſited them the moment he aroſe; when, judge of his anger and mortification at ſeeing them buried in the ground by a herd of cattle, which had broken down the fence which ſeparated them from the garden: part of the bed had eſcaped their violence; and, had any perſon come to his aſſiſtance, they might have been driven out of the garden the contrary way. In vain he called to the men who were working in a different ſpot, and demanded their help to drive away the enemy; but believing it to be one of his accuſtomed jokes, one of them loudly vociferated, "I ſhall *not come*, for I know you only want to make fools of us!" Enraged at this proof of their diſre-

ſpect

ſpect to his commands, he inſtantly complained of their conduct to his father; who, inſtead of ſympathizing in his misfortune, told him it was a *puniſhment* which his *folly deſerved;* and as long as he deſcended from the rank of a gentleman, by a practice ſo diſgraceful as telling *untruths in joke*, he hoped he would always meet with ſimilar mortifications.

The loſs of the auriculas, the inſolence of the gardeners, and the juſtice of his father's obſervations, made a ſtrong impreſſion upon Mendaculus's mind, and he reſolutely determined from that moment never again to be guilty of the degrading practice: yet his character as a *liar* had become ſo notorious, that it muſt have been a work of time before he could expect to obtain belief, or hope to retrieve that credit his folly had deſtroyed.

Some months after the loſs of his flowers, he was riding with his father on the Manchester road, whoſe horſe became ſo unruly

and ungovernable, that he was thrown from his ſeat, and fractured his leg. Mendaculus, ſhocked at beholding his father in ſuch a ſituation, flew rapidly to Mancheſter, to procure him help; but his fame, as a ſtory-teller, had extended ſo far, that no creature there would credit his aſſertions, or would come to the aſſiſtance of his diſtreſſed parent!

Frantic with horror, and oppreſſed with ſhame, the wretched boy returned to the ſpot where he had left his unfortunate father, and was told by ſome countrymen that remained there, that he had been carried home in a gentleman's carriage, which luckily had paſſed immediately after his departure.

"Well, papa," ſaid Alexandrine, "I think he muſt have ſuffered ſo ſeverely for his dreadful habit of telling untruths, that he would never utter another whilſt he lived; for his poor father might have died before

before he could have procured him any aſſiſtance, and then how would he have ſupported ſuch a misfortune?"

"Not with *reſignation*, or with fortitude," replied the marquis; "becauſe he might have attributed the event in ſome degree to himſelf: but numberleſs were the mortifications he endured in conſequence of that deteſtable practice, previous to that which I have juſt mentioned; for no one could believe him when he *did ſpeak truth*; and ſeveral boys who were ſtouter than himſelf, knowing the little credit that would be given to his aſſertions, uſed to make a point of ſtopping him in his way to ſchool, and beat him in a moſt unmerciful manner."

"Oh, papa, but how ſhocking that was!" exclaimed Marianne; "but I hope their maſter puniſhed them *ſeverely* for it."—"The maſter could not *puniſh* what he did not *credit*, my love; for you muſt recollect that Mendaculus had rendered his character ſo notorious,

that no creature believed a ſingle word he ſaid, *Time*, however, at length convinced them of his amendment, and by degrees he began to obtain confidence, but when once a popular prejudice has taken root, it becomes a difficult matter to eradicate it. Mendaculus felt the force of this obſervation, for years elapſed after he had relinquiſhed the habit of lying, before his aſſertions were able to procure credit, and the mortifications he endured in conſequence of it, were much greater than you can poſſibly conceive."

At this moment the marchioneſs entered, reading a letter from Miſs Fitzoſborn, which the children were no ſooner appriſed of, than they requeſted her to let them know the contents, as they were eager to be made acquainted with their favourite's reception from her unnatural, but penitent parent, and in compliance with their ſolicitation, the marchioneſs read the following letter.

To

To the Marchioneſs de ST. CLAIR.

To a heart leſs tremblingly alive to feeling than that of my amiable friend and benefactreſs, I ſhould prelude my letter with a ſtring of apologies for what might appear inattention and neglect; but when I am addreſſing the Marchioneſs de St. Clair, I know that ſuch a form would be unneceſſary, and that my having devoted every moment to the comfort of a dying parent will ſufficiently apologize for my ſilence.

I found the miſguided and unfortunate author of my being, in a ſtate too horrid for me to deſcribe; her body under the influence of a raging fever, and her conſcience a prey to contrition and remorſe: but I will not attempt to paint a ſcene at once agonizing and affecting, but merely ſay, that her ſorrows ended this morning at five o'clock.

By

By this diſpenſation of the Almighty, I am put in the poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune, from which I ſhall derive no portion of felicity, unleſs you and the marquis will condeſcend to ſhare it: deign, then, my beloved benefactreſs, to plead my cauſe with the object of your affection, and my eſteem; requeſt him to reflect upon my ſituation, when he humanely reſcued me from miſery and death; and ſurely he will not deny me the happineſs of proving my gratitude for favours ſo great, ſo unlooked for, and unmerited!

Conſent then, my deareſt madam, to quit your ſolitary and retired abode, and mix in thoſe circles in which you are ſo calculated to ſhine; let one purſe procure our mutual wants, and one houſe afford us mutual ſhelter. Oh, my dear marchioneſs, what felicity will it afford me, to be able to contribute to yours; and to prove my reſpect and eſteem for the amiable marquis, and

my

my ſiſterly attachment for your beloved children!

The funeral is not to be performed for a week, and I muſt devote another to decency and reſpect; but, after that period, I ſhall ſet off in a travelling coach, for the purpoſe of conducting you to your future habitation. My hopes of felicity would be deſtroyed by a refuſal, and I am ſure you are incapable of rendering a being wretched.

Offer the marquis my warmeſt acknowledgments, the children my affectionate regard; and aſſure yourſelf, my deareſt marchioneſs, that I am

Your grateful and
attached friend,
Eliza Fitzoſborn.

"Oh, papa, will you go to England?" exclaimed all the children, in one voice; "I long to ſee Miſs Fitzoſborn again, and I am quite tired of this gloomy diſmal caſtle."

"I am

"I am likewiſe impatient to ſee Miſs Fitzoſborn," replied the marquis, "and ſhall accept her invitation for a *ſhort period*; as ſome money I had lodged in the hands of a Hamburgh merchant, I find, has been transferred to his correſpondent in England; therefore it will be neceſſary for me to viſit that country, for the purpoſe of placing it out to the beſt advantage: but as to depending upon the generoſity of a friend, either for my own or my family's ſubſiſtence, that would be a degradation I could never ſubmit to.

The marchioneſs perfectly agreed in her huſband's ſentiments; and the children were ſoon taught to conſider the ſolitude of the caſtle, where honeſt *induſtry* purchaſed the *joys* of *independence*, greatly preferable to the aſſociating with the world, if that aſſociation was only to be obtained by the ties of friendſhip, or the force of pity.

The

The family, however, prepared for the arrival of their amiable young friend, with whom they promiſed themſelves the pleaſure of ſpending the three ſucceeding months, and then returning to the purſuit of thoſe occupations, from which they had hitherto derived a ſubſiſtence at once reſpectable to themſelves, and beneficial to their children.

FINIS.

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